

## The autobiography of Stephen Collins, M.D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN COLLINS, M.D.

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**PREFACE.**

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When in Princeton, in September, 1818, I wrote a narrative of my "Early Life and Conversion," my object was to preserve the incidents for my individual use. With the same object in view, in July, 1822, I began to keep a Journal,—without the remotest reference to future publication.

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After many years had passed, I supposed that this record of religious experience might be serviceable to some inquiring and anxious mind; and the record was continued in the narrative and journalistic form.

This is, mainly and chiefly, a religious Autobiography, and passing occurrences are incidentally introduced, in order to give connection to the principal events of my life, without dwelling on such occurrences, unless in their relation to religious character and progress.

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### **AUTOBIOGRAPHY.**

#### **CHAPTER I. EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.**

I was born in New Castle County, Delaware, November 4, 1797. My parents were born in Somerset County, Maryland, and removed from that section of the Peninsula a few months before my birth. My father was the Rev. John Collins. whose ancestor came from England. He died April 12, 1804, at the early age of thirty-five years. I was then too young to retain other than the faintest recollection of him. He was a man of talents and finished education; of great energy and excellence of character, and highly esteemed by friends and the people to whom he devoted his ministerial labors. I have often heard my mother say that, when on his death-bed, one of his most emphatic injunctions to her was, "Educate my children."

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My mother is Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Jacob Ker, whose grandfather was Walter Ker, of Freehold, New Jersey. It is of him the Rev. William Tennent 2 10 says, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Prince, of Boston, dated October 11, 1744, "He was, in the year 1685, for his faithful and conscientious adherence to God and his truth, as professed by the Church of Scotland, there apprehended and sent to this country, under a sentence of perpetual banishment. He is yet alive; and, blessed be God, he is flourishing in his green old age, being in his eighty-eighth year.\*

\* Walter Ker came to America from Scotland in 1685, when in the thirtieth year of his age. The vessel, the Caledonia, was stranded on the coast of New Jersey, near Freehold, where the passengers settled and erected a church. The ruins of the old building and a graveyard are still there. He died in the ninety-ninth year of his age.

I am the fourth child of the seven children of my parents. Two sons and the two daughters died within the ten years succeeding their births. Samuel, the first-born, died seven years since, in 1811, in his twentieth year, leaving, as survivors, myself and William, my junior by nearly four years.

By reason of the death of my father I was left, almost from infancy, to the care of my mother, whose grievous bodily afflictions might be supposed to have disqualified her for efficient attention to her children. I am indebted to her for the formation of my principles; and she always acted in such manner as to secure respect and affection. I have no doubt that a desire to avoid causing pain to her often kept me from devious ways, in which otherwise I would have strayed.

The early period of my life was not marked by any event of peculiar importance. It was passed in Somerset County—my mother having returned to her friends 11 in Maryland soon after the death of my father—in unremitted attention to the course of studies pursued at Washington Academy. The portion of my time not occupied by those studies was employed in miscellaneous reading, to which I gave an early and passionate devotion.\*

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\* It is to me an interesting fact to find, thirty-five years after writing this Narrative, in my handwriting on the title-page of my juvenile copy of "Erasmi Colloquia Selecta," this memorandum, "Stephen Collins began to read this book November 22, 1807;" which shows that, when ten years old, I had made some progress in the study of the Latin language.—1853.

I had respectful views of religion, with a regard for those who obeyed her injunctions, and was early taught a strict observance of the Sabbath. Natural inclinations and the enticements of companions did not overcome the influence of religious education by leading me to the commission of sins which are the first steps in that dark road which conducts "down to the chambers of death."

I was present, June 15, 1812, at the death of a young relative, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy, and was deeply impressed by considerations of the importance of preparation for death, and with the conviction that such preparation had not been made by me. I now see I was far from having had that godly sorrow for sin which worketh repentance to salvation, or those spiritual views of the holiness of God and of the infinite evil of sin which necessarily accompany a change of heart. I was induced to ascribe the absence of those pungent convictions, which 12 others had experienced, to the morality of my life; and thus, by the influence of religious education, and with those apprehensions of divine truth which only affect the understanding, I was induced to believe that God had brought me from darkness to light. By the advice of Christian friends I became a member of the Presbyterian Church, at Princess Anne.

After having taken this important action, I had, as I now recollect, frequent apprehensions that I might be a self-deceiver, and on one occasion I had pungent conviction, which was not caused by the commission of any particular sin. But I had read that Christians are not exempted from such convictions, as they cannot live sinless; and thus my mind was quieted.

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At this period of my life I passed much of my time in reading the Bible, meditation, and prayer; and preparation for communion services was made by fasting, prayer, and earnest self-examination. It was my custom, as evening approached, to walk in the fields for meditation; and, kneeling by the stacks of fodder and in other retired places, I often prayed when none but God could see or hear. I took pleasure in such exercises of devotion; and, although I was only sixteen years old, I conducted family worship in the household of my mother. I distinctly recollect that one night, during a thunder-storm, I was in bed, and filled with the joyful assurance that, if the next flash of lightning should strike me dead, I would be received into heaven. I thank God it did not strike.

In the autumn of 1816 I entered the Junior Class 13 of Princeton College. I did not expect to attain a very prominent position in my class; but, in a short time, successful recitations excited my ambition, and I resolved that I would take the highest honor. In proportion as I became absorbed in the prosecution of such ambitious purposes, I lost the pleasure I had previously derived from the performance of religious duties.

I continued in College a year and three months, regular in all my conduct, before I began to be uneasy in regard to my spiritual condition. During that period I was conscious that the performance of religious duties afforded me less pleasure than formerly, and that this was caused by the ambitious views with which I pursued my studies, and the consequent engrossment of time, thoughts, and affections. I endeavored to quiet my uneasiness by the consideration that it is lawful to acquire knowledge,—not then understanding the injunction of the Apostle, “Little children, keep yourselves from idols.” I sought to allay these distressing states of mind by the false hopes derived from a review of my past life and experience.

The first pungent conviction I remember to have had at this period was Sabbath afternoon, February 8, 1818. I was indisposed, and did not attend the Bible-recitation. While the students were in attendance on that exercise, I took up Miss Hannah More's “Christian Morals,” and opened the book at the chapter entitled “Expostulation with the Inconsistent

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Christian.” I found many suggestions in that essay which gave strength to my convictions, and my mental 2\* 14 exercises became exceedingly painful. I felt I was without any reasons for hope, and that hell would be my inevitable portion. A load of guilt oppressed my conscience, and prevented me from lifting up my soul to God in prayer. But I ventured to retire to my closet to plead for mercy, and that I might be enabled to discover the true condition of my heart. After this act my state of mind was more peaceful, and I supposed my fears were groundless. But when my room-mate returned, I concealed the book, as I thought he might discover from it what was passing within my own bosom.

The peace thus and there obtained did not long continue. Conviction soon returned, with increased force; and, perplexed in mind, I set apart a day for fasting and prayer, hoping thus to obtain peace of conscience. After this day my convictions became less pungent, and I continued, not without checks from conscience, to pursue my studies with great earnestness. But I did not regain tranquillity of mind.

I remained in this condition until towards the end of the month, When God was pleased again to visit me with the convincing power of his Holy Spirit. I wondered what all this could mean. Inquiry was instituted into the character of the motives which induced me to pursue my studies with such earnestness. And I was convinced it was the desire to obtain the honor which would be awarded, and that I would not be at peace until I had sacrificed my idol. I then resolved to devote less time to my studies; and, as I 15 supposed I had discovered and abandoned the cause of my disquietude, I once more possessed a mind at ease.

The first day of March, Dr. Ashbel Green, President of the College, preached from Proverbs, iv. 7. In the discourse he said the “wisdom” of the text was religion, commended human learning, and indicated numerous evidences by which the discovery might be made when it is sinfully pursued. One evidence is to be derived from the fact that thoughts of it remain during approaches to the throne of grace, and in other religious exercises; and that, under such circumstances, those pursuits are criminal, not in themselves, but

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in motives. This had application to my case, and conscience testified I was pursuing my studies with such earnestness for the sake of the honor which would be awarded, and that such thoughts were with me in all religious exercises.

I now read the treatise of Witherspoon on "Regeneration," earnestly praying that I might be enabled to discover my true spiritual condition. I had not read far before I was convinced I had no good reasons to believe I had ever been "born again." It may be worthy of remark, that I had carefully read this treatise during the religious impressions which preceded my union with the Church. I was now led to "search the Scriptures," where I found many passages applicable to my case. Thus I was taught, "If a man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him;" and I read in the fifth chapter of Galatians that "emulation" is one of the works of the flesh. Scott's comments 16 on the fifty-first Psalm, and on similar passages, were applicable to my condition.

During the painful exercises of this period, I was, like others before me, tempted to seek in suicide an escape from a troubled conscience. At night I was afraid to sleep lest I would awake in hell. And when I attempted to offer supplications, and felt my soul kept by loads of guilt from ascending to God, I thought if I must be damned I could not help it. While tossing in anguish on my bed, I looked at my hands with the conviction that, if there be material fire in hell, they would burn there forever.

At this period Scott's "Force of Truth" was instrumental in the increase of my convictions, as his case had points of resemblance to my own. I absented myself from the meetings of a literary society, as I found company diverted, my thoughts from the subject by which I wished them to be exclusively occupied. At this time it was my constant practice to employ my hours of leisure in walking through the woods and over the fields in the rear of the College, lamenting my sad and helpless condition, and offering supplications to the Father of mercies. The entire change in my deportment, being naturally social and approachable, attracted the notice of students, who remarked I was "becoming deranged."



On the evening of the fifth of this month (March) the President lectured from Philippians, iii. 7–9, and the services were introduced by singing the fifty-first Psalm, commencing with

“Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin.”

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The service in all its parts was just what my condition required.

The next day I was assailed by a peculiar temptation. When I entered my room it was suggested to me that I should retire to my closet for prayer. My room-mate, who was not religious, was present, and I could not withdraw without his observation, that being an unusual hour for private devotion. This produced a strong mental conflict, as I supposed, or it was suggested to me, that the performance of such an act at that time would be a pharisaical show of religion. But I retired, and when the duty was performed I experienced sensible relief. When I was seated I opened the Bible, and my attention was immediately arrested by James, iv. 7, “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” This passage greatly comforted and encouraged me. It seemed as if God had directed me to it that I might be strengthened for the conflict. I began to derive a melancholy pleasure from the contemplation of my condition, because I believed an all-sufficient Saviour was willing to receive me when I became willing to go to Him.

The evening of this day (March 6th) a portion of my class was engaged in the delivery of orations in the Hall of the College. As my mind was very differently occupied,—no duty requiring my attendance on account of my exemption, by reason of an impediment of speech, from the performance of that exercise,—I remained in my room, and derived peculiar pleasure from prayer and reading Watt's versions of the fifty-first Psalm. I paced the floor, repeating, and perhaps 18 for the first time believing, that God would be just in the infliction of “sudden vengeance,” and presenting the petition “Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord.”

Having experienced the unfavorable effects in my state of mind of the social intercourse which exists among students, I determined to avoid it, unless duty or civility made it necessary. This was required that my mind might not be diverted from the one great object by which it was occupied. After Bunyan's pilgrim was restored from the wanderings caused by listening to the advice of Worldly-Wiseman, he went on with haste, speaking to no man, nor answering any until he was again in the right way.

The next morning (Saturday, March 7th) my emotions had considerably abated, and after breakfast I experienced the same trial as on the preceding day; but, having acted in the same manner, I found the like comfort. I attended the recitation of my class; and while thus engaged had a calmness of spirit, a pensive pleasure, I had never before known. After recitation I returned to my room, and was employed with the reading of religious books. As I had set apart this day as a fast, I devoted the dining-hour to prayer, and had a delight in, and derived a sweet consolation from, the performance of this service I had never before received. Before the students returned from dinner I retired to a field in the rear of the College for meditation and prayer. In this field I had for some days passed much of my time, engaged in prayer and meditation.

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While thus engaged on this occasion, a sweet and peaceful contemplation of the glorious majesty and goodness of God, of his love and sovereignty, filled my soul in a manner and degree altogether new. Such a sweet and absorbing apprehension of, and rejoicing in, his sovereignty, in his love, and in his rich and free provision of pardon and acceptance through Jesus Christ, with such views of my own entire depravity and helplessness I never before had experienced. This apprehension of the divine character, government, and plan of redemption was inexpressibly sweet, and I thought I could in some degree comprehend what the Apostle means by joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I returned to my room rejoicing in communion with God, and filled with a sweet apprehension of the infinite perfection of his nature. When the students assembled in the

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College Chapel for afternoon prayer, the President selected the hymn commencing with "Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears."

While I joined in the song with joyful heart I wondered how a hymn, so appropriate to my circumstances, should have been selected. During the evening I had sweet enjoyment in meditation and prayer, and after I retired to bed I could not sleep, as I rejoiced in the contemplation of heavenly glory. During the progress of conviction of sin I was afraid to sleep lest I would awake in hell. On this occasion I was unwilling to sleep; as I feared when I awoke I would not be rejoicing in God.

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The next day was the Sabbath, and I awoke with the same sweet and joyful contemplations, and during the morning had delightful contemplation and anticipation of the purity and blessedness of heaven. It was the custom of the religious students to assemble at nine o'clock on Sabbath morning to pass an hour in exercises of devotion. I was invited to lead in prayer, and had enlargement and sweet peace while pouring out the desires of my soul. I thought I could not be sufficiently humble, yet importunate; and dwelt with sweet thankfulness and reliance on the merits and death of Christ as the only hope for a sinner, and my soul desired to be indebted only to Him for pardon and acceptance. After returning to my room I passed in self-examination the hour that remained before religious service in the Chapel, and was enabled to say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

When I entered the Chapel I was filled with indescribable joy, and felt that the character and degree of my emotions produced a calm and peaceful expression of countenance. Dr. Archibald Alexander preached from Psalm i. 1, 2. While he was explaining the unlawful intercourse which Christians have with men of the world, I was convinced I had been accustomed to pass too many of my hours of leisure with students who, refined in taste and moral in life, were without piety. This conviction was attended by self-condemnation and abated emotion. I asked for pardon, and resolved, in dependence on God, to alter

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my conduct; and thus He graciously removed the 21 cloud, and I retired from the Chapel full of joy. None but they who have had the experience can understand these and similar emotions, connected with deep conviction and recent conversion.

I observed this day as a fast, and passed it in reading, meditation, and prayer. When oppressed with conviction of unworthiness, I had sweet delight in pleading the merits of Jesus Christ. Formerly I thought I could obtain peace of conscience by the avoidance of sin. But since the evening of the sixth of this month, I felt and acknowledged my entire helplessness, and that unless saved freely and entirely by the merits and death of Christ, I could have no hope of pardon and heaven. This way of salvation appeared to be so suitable, excellent, and lovely, that I preferred to be thus saved, and not by works, if that had been possible, and I exclaimed with the martyr, "None but Christ." At the Bible-recitation in the afternoon the President commented on the reply of Peter to the question by his Master, and my soul joyfully replied, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Through the residue of this day, and during the next, my feelings had but little abatement; and Monday evening, while reading a letter containing an account of the death of an eminent saint, I was filled with the contemplation of the joys which follow the death of the righteous. Throughout Tuesday I was not without comfort, sometimes full of joy.

Often I asked myself whether it was proper that I should impart to others a knowledge of my present 3 22 and former condition. But as I had never brought a blot upon my profession, I said nothing very explicit. My health was greatly impaired by frequent fasts and the mental anxieties through which i had passed, and I was almost incompetent to attend to College duties.

At this period I was again assailed by an unwillingness to be discovered in the performance, at unusual hours, of devotional duties. One morning while dressing and lamenting my condition, Galatians, vi. 9 was suggested to my consideration, "And let us

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not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.” It was not long before I derived comfort from the contemplation of God as a Father. A lecture from I. Peter, i. 6–8 showed there was “a season, if need be, for heaviness through manifold temptations.”

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered the 29th of this month (March) in the Presbyterian Church. My preparation had been diligent and pleasant, and I hoped I would have the presence of the Master of the feast. But, during the morning, I was oppressed, and had no enjoyment in the duties by which I was occupied. I went to Church, not without hope that my deadness would be removed. While engaged in the services all was doubt and darkness. After the convictions detailed in the early part of this narrative, although I endeavored to attend, in a proper degree, to my studies, I had almost lost the desire to obtain the first Collegiate honor. But, when peace of mind was restored, the studies, which were proper in themselves, began to occupy more of my 23 time and thoughts, with a revival of the desire to obtain the highest honor. The Faculty and students, friends in Princeton and at home, expected me to attain that distinction, and the pride of human nature rebelled when required to sacrifice an idol so long and earnestly pursued. Here, then, at the table of my crucified Lord, it seemed to be distinctly presented to me, “Will you relinquish your idol, and have a portion in Christ and heaven? Or will you retain your idol, and let Christ and heaven go?” And over the emblems of the body and blood of Christ I resolved to make the sacrifice.

In the evening I was comforted by a discourse on “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.” Matthew, xvi. 24. When walking, sitting, or in bed, I often repeated

“The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne And worship only Thee.”

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I will not enter upon an extended argument to prove when studies are eagerly pursued for the attainment of honor, and not, mainly and chiefly, that we may be better qualified to act well our part in life, and thus glorify God, the motive is unholy. A mind spiritually enlightened will readily supply the arguments. Their detail would not be appreciated by him who has not received "the wisdom which is from above." The period of conviction, resulting in conversion, is a season when the heart is scorched as with candles. 24 No dark corner escapes examination. Abiding peace cannot be attained until every Achan is brought out for sacrifice. The trembling and burdened sinner, panting after reconciliation with God, does not ask, with Naaman, "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant." II Kings, v. 18.

David Brainerd, speaking of his terms at College, says, "My ambition in my studies greatly wronged the activity and vigor of my spiritual life." One year later, he writes, "I grow more cold and dead in religion by means of my old temptation, viz., ambition in my studies." The same testimony, has been given by other men. The great Nonconformist, John Owen, confessed, with profound sorrow, that, during his student life at Oxford, ambition to attain eminence was the controlling motive for his health-consuming pursuit of knowledge. Under similar circumstances, and with like reference to motive, Philip Henry, while expressing gratitude that his College-life had been unstained by vices, writes of "a tear dropped over my University sins."

After this period, the "old temptation" gave me little annoyance. I attended to my studies during the remainder of the Senior year so far as to acquire the knowledge to be derived from them, without any attempt at recitations which would receive the highest mark from the Professor. Every contemporaneous student at Princeton knows the distinction to which I refer. I became, and continued to be, indifferent to the result.

It was not long after this Communion Sabbath before 25 I was restored to tranquillity and spiritual enjoyment. These have continued, sometimes with abatement, during the five months which have passed. As an impediment in speech exempts me from sustaining, at Commencement, a part as speaker, my time has not been occupied in preparing an

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oration. I have employed these weeks of leisure in a review of past scenes, and in writing this Narrative of my Early Life and Conversion, as a memorial for use in coming time, that I may, through life and with profoundest gratitude, recall these mercies of God, for which I humbly thank Him now and will thank Him forever.

God only is an ever-enduring portion for the soul. I will be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. All earthly honors soon perish. "Thou alone art God, exalted over all. Ambition! what seeks it but honors and glory? Whereas Thou alone art to be honored above all, and glorious for evermore."

Princeton, *September*, 1818. 3\*

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### **CHAPTER II. 1822—1823.**

The Narrative of my Early Life and Conversion closed with September, 1818, when I left Princeton and returned to my friends in Maryland. An impediment of speech—then supposed to be incurable—did not allow me to select the ministry as my profession. Before commencing the study of medicine, I passed one year in attention to general literature, and resided, during that period, in Snow Hill, to which village my mother had removed from Somerset County. The hours not occupied by the very ardent pursuit of literature\* were passed in social intercourse, to which my tastes, habits, and fondness for conversation have always allured me. As the result of such a course of life, I lost spirituality of mind.

\* In youth I always read with a dictionary by my side, and have never ceased to maintain a habit so profitable. I was thus without temptation to pass by a word in ignorance of its meaning or pronunciation.

The five months immediately preceding my residence in Snow Hill had been passed in or near Princeton in communion with God and my own soul, while occupied by the duties and enjoyments of the new 27 life which the Holy Spirit had bestowed. I regret not having kept

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a journal of these five months, the perusal of which would now be pleasant and profitable. Hours and days passed when, in my room or in fields and woods, my soul was bowed down in humiliation or rejoiced in that peace of God which passeth understanding.

I commence a journal in which I propose chiefly to record what has relation to my spiritual life.

*July 21, 1822.*—I now reside in Philadelphia, engaged by medical studies. In the early part of this year, while descending the steps of the University, I injured a ligament of a knee-joint, and for several weeks have been confined to the house. God has mercifully been pleased to make this affliction profitable. Have confessed my sins, and trust I have obtained pardon. Sweet enjoyment to-day in humbling myself before God.

*July 22 d.* —Set apart this day for fasting and prayer. Resolved to live with more watchfulness. Read, with comfort, the memoirs of Mrs. Newell. O, for entire devotedness to the service of God I Enjoyed to-day sweet communion with Him.

*July 26 th.* —But little devotional enjoyment for several days. Consulted Dr. Physick in relation to the injury of my knee. He recommends low diet, rest, and warmth. I go to Princeton, where I will have the society of my brother.

*July 29 th.* —Came to-day to Princeton; much refreshed by air, exercise, and agreeable company. William awaited my arrival.

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*August 19.*—For three weeks have been confined to my room. My soul has been humbled by a sense of unworthiness, and I have thanked God for afflictive dispensations. Although confined to a chair or sofa, have been able to pursue my studies and enjoy the society of my friends. Resolved to practice self-denial.



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*August 20 th.* —By retrospect of the period which preceded my declensions, I ascertain that the careless performance of secret prayer was the chief cause. Will endeavor to be more faithful.

*August 29 th.* —Gloomy and distrustful for some days O, for faith in God, who “keepeth covenant!”

*September 1 st.* —Less despondent to-day, but no comfort. O, that it was with me as in days that are passed! O, that I knew where I might find Him!

Conversed with a young man who is a professor of religion, but does not consider himself to be pious; and indeed gives little evidence of piety. He inquired of me if a person, under such circumstances, should continue his connection with the Church. I advised that as long as his condition caused uneasiness, the connection should continue, inasmuch as that state of mind indicated the operation of the Spirit on his heart.

*September 2 d.* —More composed to-day. A severe thunder-storm towards evening, during which I had sweet composure of mind, with freedom in prayer,—the first time for many days. The contemplation of Christ in his mediatorial office afforded sweet consolation. Have been engaged in self-examination, and 29 entertain an humble hope that heaven is the home towards which I journey.

*September 3 d.* —This morning disposed to repine and distrust the promises; but this despondency did not continue long. Some comfort in prayer, with composure of mind. In the evening was visited by three students of the Theological Seminary. The conversation was spiritual; without the precision of argument, but with interest and instruction.

*September 4 th.* —Had pleasure in humbling myself before God, with abasing views of my vileness and unworthiness. Contemplated God, mysteriously Father, Son, and Spirit,

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as the God I need. I thought if I could find a place more expressive of humiliation than prostration at his footstool, I would there supplicate for pardon.

Have apprehensions that when restored to health, activity, and the enjoyments of life, I will again depart from God. When I have an humble, prayerful frame of mind, temptation has little power. I ardently desire to take Christ for my Master, heaven as my home, and holiness as the way. Considerable freedom while praying for holiness. O, what a hell heaven would be to an unholy spirit!

*September 6 th.* —This is the period for the distribution of honors to the Senior Class, and they are a subject of conversation with those who visit me. Have, for some days, been tempted to discontent by thought of such honors which I relinquished four years since. But the temptation has now passed away, and such honors appear light as air. God only is the portion of 30 the soul,—the true joy of the heart. I have found ambition and fondness for society temptations to me. The first sets up self in the place of God; the other too often destroys spirituality. Blessed are the meek in spirit and pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Since my indisposition I have neglected the pleading of the promises. Pardon and sanctification have been the burden of my prayers. Jesus, Saviour! when will I see thy unclouded face, and hold uninterrupted communion with Thee?

*September 8 th* (Sabbath).—Was at Church to-day, the first time for two months. Read Cotton Mather's Life of John Eliot.

*September 9 th.* —Had freedom yesterday and to-day while thanking God for afflictions.

*September 10 th.* —Arose early and had comfort while considering my relations to Him who permits me to call Him Father. I will endeavor to look on the world as it has appeared to me in seasons of religious enjoyment.

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*September 21 st.* —Four days since returned to Philadelphia. Gloomy and distressed in mind for several days. O, for submission to the will of God! Derived comfort from the consideration that He has, in all ages, led his people to heaven through much tribulation.

*September 22 d.* —Communion in Dr. Wilson's Church. I was without enjoyment. How can my heart be so cold while I receive these manifestations of divine love-mysteries into which angels desire to look?

*September 28 th.* —For some time have been suffering from dyspepsia, consequent on long confinement. Expect 31 soon to visit my friends in Maryland; and hope in a few weeks to return to this city with improved health, and attend my third and last course of medical lectures.

*February 2, 1823. Philadelphia.*—My visit to the Eastern Shore of Maryland the last autumn improved my health; but close application to studies, and attendance on lectures, have seriously impaired it. Have been in bed for a week.

During the winter I had many seasons of spiritual consolation; but *now* contemplations of death are not pleasant. When I am to lie down and die, I wish for unclouded views of heaven. Have to-day prayed for resignation to the will of God; but my body is so feeble and my mind so dark, that I have little comfort. I desire to be actively engaged while in the world. When I have nothing to *do*, I must bear in mind that a part of duty is to *suffer*.

My brother has come from Princeton to see me and comforts me by sympathy.

*June 5 th.* —Having received my medical diploma, I have returned to my friends in Maryland. During the last winter the optic nerves were injured by an attempt to read by candle-light partially-effaced pencil-writing, and since then I have been unable to read. I desire to be submissive to all the dispensations of Providence.

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Conversed to-day with several persons about their eternal interests. More softness of heart to-day and yesterday while pleading with God, than I have had for some time.

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*June 6 th.* —Comfort in prayer, and confessed my sins with flowing tears. Resolved to practice self-denial.

*June 9 th.* —Bodily health feeble and mind gloomy. Prayer is the best remedy for depression of spirits.

*June 12 th.* —Traveling the larger portion of the day. My heart was softened, and I committed myself with sweet resignation to the will of God.

*June 18 th.* —Have had, for several days, tender impressions, views of the evil of sin, and sweet freedom in prayer. During the day I retired from company, and went to my chamber, when I had solemn views of eternity, and was enabled, with importunity and tears, to plead for mercy. O, how few and short these blessed seasons of communion with God!

*June 21 st.* —Had a pleasant drive this morning to Princess Anne in company with my Uncle Collins. The conversation was serious, and I was calm and cheerful.

While driving alone in the afternoon, I overtook an old colored man on horseback. Conversed with him, and ascertained he was a well-informed and eminent Christian. The face of the old man was radiant with smiles as he spoke of heaven. My own heart was enlivened; and when, at parting, he asked me to pray for him, I loved him as a Christian brother. The fire thus kindled burned during the remainder of the day. While undressing at night, I frequently repeated, Jesus, Jesus! O, how sweet are the days passed in communion with God!

*June 22 d (Sabbath).*—Passed last night at Westover. 33 Awoke this morning cold and dull. It is Communion Sabbath at Princess Anne. After meditation and prayer, I was

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revived. Resolved to be watchful over my thoughts, words, and actions. Mind calm and relying on Christ, longing and praying for holiness.

*June 25 th.* —Cold yesterday and to-day, except for a short season, when I had freedom in the confession of sins. At night during family-worship, and again before I retired to bed, my heart rejoiced while I cast myself on the mercy of God.

*June 26 th.* —Tender this morning and inclined to weep and pray. Had freedom while leading in family-worship at the house of my Uncle Collins, and felt I was tending towards heaven. At breakfast my heart was full; and I retired to my chamber weeping and confessing my sins. Wept when engaged in prayer in the chamber, and was unable to proceed. O, how sweet to lie low at the footstool and ask for mercy! I long for holiness. I long to go to heaven, because God and angels and saints are there, where holiness is perfected.

*June 28 th.* —Had freedom in prayer the early portion of yesterday; but last night, and to-day heart hard as adamant. Talked with earnestness to a sick woman, but had no freedom while praying with her.

*June 29 th.* —Decaying, dying, dead. Feel something in my heart averse from God. Can such a hard and wicked heart as mine ever have been renewed? Can it be that I am a child of God? No pleasure this holy Sabbath in meditation and prayer. 4

34

*June 30 th.* —Still dead and far from God. O, smite the rock and let the waters flow!

*July 6 th.* —Still exclaiming, O, that I knew where I might find Him! O, that it was with me as in days that are passed! When will this hardness and impurity be removed from my heart? When again will I delight in prayer, and in humbling myself before God? Return, O Lord, how long!

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*July 13 th.* —Passed the last week in a visit to friends in the upper part of the county. Still in darkness and distance from God.

*July 14 th.* —Kept this day as a fast, and endeavored to humble myself before God. Wept on account of sin while pleading for mercy; but had no joy in God. The Christian's motto is *Non nisi per ardua*.

*July 18 th.* —Observed this day as a fast, because my soul still dwells in darkness. For some time I have felt ambition, pride, and corruption at work within me. When will I be pure in heart!

*July 20 th (Sabbath).*—Attempted to observe this day as a fast, but was not well, and exhaustion compelled me to eat. Dead, and affections estranged from God. Thus week after week passes away, and still I am without light and love. Am I a Christian? Return; O Lord, how long!

35

### CHAPTER III. 1825–1828.

The last entry in my Journal bears date July 20, 1823. In the autumn of that year I selected Washington City as the place of my residence, and engaged with earnestness in the practice of my profession. Notwithstanding the inconvenience resulting from the weakness of my eyes, I have been prosperous. But from or soon after my settlement, to the latter portion of the year 1824, my spiritual life was not healthy. I am overwhelmed with amazement and shame when I contrast the past year with other periods of my life, — *these* periods so happy in the endeavor to “follow peace with all men, and holiness;” *that* so defiled by sin, and passed in such estrangement from Him whom my soul loveth. In shame and humiliation I fall in the dust, and with Job, “I say unto God, Do not condemn me. I have sinned; what shall I say unto Thee, O thou Preserver of men?”

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*January 1, 1825.*—Unwatchfulness, careless performance of secret duties, and too little retirement have always preceded my religious declensions.

Visited the Presidential Mansion to attend the New-Year reception. When I returned to my room I rejoiced <sup>36</sup> in thankfulness that God has been pleased to incline my heart to seek himself. Dined in company with Mr. Crane, a missionary to the Indians, and held pleasant conversation on various topics. At night, after the other members of the family had retired, my soul was humbled and softened while conversing with Mr. H. O, how ardently I longed for holiness and heaven!

*January 2 d.* —Had more enjoyment in public worship than for months past. In the evening heard Mr. Crane preach, and was affected by his description of the dying hours of Indian converts.

*March 7 th.* —This is the seventh anniversary of my conversion. How little have I advanced, how often have I halted! I have been taught my weakness and corruption, and now depend on God.

*March 8 th.* —Was tender and happy while meditating on the lines “Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace, And nowhere else but there.”

I long for more holiness and a closer walk with God.

*March 20 th.* —Observed this day as a fast. It was passed in retirement when not engaged in the discharge of professional duties. Attended prayer-meeting in the evening, and had freedom while leading in prayer.

*March 23 d.* —Enlargement in prayer for some days, with longings after holiness. Paced the floor this morning, and was filled with joy by the hope that by-and-by <sup>37</sup> I will rest in heaven. Resolved to rise early and engage in reading the Bible, meditation, and prayer before breakfast.

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*March 24 th.* —Kept this day as a fast, and was not without comfort. Resolved to watch against irritability of temper,—the indulgence of which takes away the sweet communion of the Spirit.

*March 31 st.* —Since I settled in this city God has prospered me in temporal circumstances. My practice increases, and I have the confidence of my patients. The weakness of my eyes, caused by the previously-mentioned injury when I was in attendance on medical lectures, prevents me from reading, but I have in my office a young man who reads to me. In this mode I find occupation for my hours of leisure, with mental improvement.

*July 19 th.* —Hope I am advancing towards heaven, and learning to guard against the temptations of the world and the corruption of my nature. To-day have had sweet views of the glory of God and of the happiness of heaven.

*July 27 th.* —Have recently had solemn views of death, and for some past weeks have lived near to God. There is so much calmness and sweetness in this communion, that the Christian must desire to enter into heaven, where it will be perpetual and eternal.

*August 4 th.* —No pleasure in duties, no enlargement in prayer. Lord, teach me how to become dead to the world, and live near to Thee.

*August 8 th.* —Next Sabbath is communion, and I 4\* 38 devote this week to meditation, religious reading, and prayer, so far as permitted by professional engagements.

*August 11 th.* —Have been in comfortable frame for several days, and derived enjoyment from visits to the woods adjoining the city,—tying my horse, and walking while engaged in meditation and prayer. During my Christian life I have particularly enjoyed devotional exercises in fields and woods.

*August 12 th.* —Resolved to be more diligent in the practice of self-denial.



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*August 14 th* (Communion Sabbath).—Harassed yesterday and to-day by headache and professional occupation. Mind calm, not joyful.

*August 23 d.* —Have lived nearer to heaven the past week than is usual with me. Indisposed part of the time, yet dwelling with calmness on views of death.

*November 10 th.* —I long to dwell with God my Father in heaven my home. Shed tears while speaking to my mother's nurse of Christ and salvation. In the evening was exhausted from fasting, yet reposed in sweet apprehensions of God.

*November 18 th.* —My comforts have decayed by reason of unsubmitiveness. My dear mother has not walked, nor, unassisted, turned in or arisen from bed for nearly twenty years. The will of God be done.

*November 23 d.* —Have recently had pleasant contemplations of the vanity of the world and the glory of heaven, with delight in prayer. The ways of religion are pleasantness and peace.

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*January 1, 1826.*—Why do I not make more progress in holiness? Resolved,

1. That I will be more diligent in the practice of self-denial.
2. That I will cultivate resignation to the will of God.
3. That I will guard against irritability of temper.
4. That I will endeavor not to allow any hour to pass without thought of eternal realities.

*January 8 th* (Sabbath).—During the past week enjoyed sweet communion with God, with submission to his holy will. Freedom and earnestness in prayer through this day and evening.

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*January 29 th.* —Sick and submissive.

*February 8 th.* —Read\* portions of the “Memoirs of Brainerd.” Had enjoyment in prayer. O, how sweet to humble myself before God and plead for mercy! Resolved to observe private fasts more frequently.

\* When I say “I read,” the meaning is that other persons read for me. My eyes are too weak to permit me to read.

*February 25 th.* —Dull through the day, but revived in the evening. Had freedom while commenting in my mother's room on that portion of “Pilgrim's Progress” which relates the meeting of Christian with Worldly-Wiseman, also in the evening when conducting family-worship.

*February 26 th.* —When driving about the city, in attendance on patients, felt compassion as I saw those who were passing, and who, perhaps, think little of 40 eternity. O, what will they do when called to judgment!

*March 7th.*—When Brainerd was in the last Sabbath but one of his life, he said, “I was born on a Sabbath-day, and I have reason to think I was newborn on a Sabbath-day, and I hope I will die this Sabbath-day.” I was born on Saturday, and, as I have reason to believe, was new-born on Saturday. This day is the eighth anniversary of that, the most important day of my life.

To-day had sweet communion with God; my mother and brother remembered in prayer.

*March 13 th.* —This morning was subdued and melted in prayer. If communion with God, in this imperfect state, be so sweet, O, how enrapturing must it be in heaven!

I experience the truth of Henry Martyn's remarks on the effect of reading the Bible in the promotion of spiritual-mindedness.

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*March 22 d.* —Had freedom in prayer while driving professionally about the city, and felt willing to lie in the dust that Christ may be all in all.

*March 23 d.* —Have kept this day as a fast, and the particular subject of my supplications has been that my mother, brother, and myself may meet in heaven.

*March 30 th.* —Recently have been much annoyed by pride, but *now* am willing to lie in the dust that Christ may be exalted. Had comfort in prayer.

*April 6 th.* —Decaying, dying, dead. “O my God, I cry in the day-time, but Thou hearest not; and in the night-season, and am not silent.” Psalm xxii. 2.

41

*April 9 th* (Sabbath).—There can be no true happiness in this world unconnected with the enjoyment of communion with God. Revived in the evening. Poured forth in prayer the desires of my soul, and longed for the conversion of the whole world. Was called out during the night to visit a patient. On returning to bed had sweet communion with God.

*April 16 th.* —Without God I could not be happy But if I were the only human being on earth, communion with Him would satisfy every desire.

“In desert woods, with Thee, my God, Where human footsteps never trod, How happy could I be! Thou my repose from care; my light Amidst the darkness of the night, In solitude my company.”

*April 26 th.* —By reason of unwatchfulness in the morning lost composure of mind, and was annoyed through the day by a corrupt nature. O, this accursed dominion of sin!

*May 1 st.* —Passed an hour in prayer for my mother and brother. How ardently I desire that when we die we may meet in heaven!

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*May 18 th.* —After having passed some days in coldness and barrenness, was revived while employing last night an hour in prayer after I returned from a ride by moonlight.

This morning was melted in tender emotion while humbling myself before God.

*May 20 th* (Fast-day).—Had delight in committing myself to God in all that lies before me here.

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*June 18 th.* —Indisposition kept me from Church. In the afternoon was affected to tears while speaking in my mother's room of the joys of heaven. During the evening dwelt in meditation on the words, "O, my dove," etc. Sol. Song, ii. 14.

*July 16 th.* —During the early part of last week had much enjoyment of the presence of God. O, how sweet to love and pray and praise! Afterward was assailed by my old enemies,—pride and evil desires,—and my soul was in darkness.

*July 17 th.* —Affected while reading the recital of the martyrdom of Hooper and Bradford.

*July 23 d.* —For some days estranged from God. Pride, the world, and the flesh have assailed me. In the evening somewhat revived while reading the "Memoirs of Brainerd."

*August 10 th.* —Convinced I have been remiss in pleading the promises. The words, Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, were a subject of meditation.

*December 31 st.* —By the reading of other persons I have devoted portions of several past months to metaphysical and historical studies.

*March 7, 1827.*—The anniversary of my conversion, and I devote the day to reading, meditation, and prayer. Calmly rejoicing portions of the day. In reviewing the nine years that have passed since my conversion I mourn over sins, and thank God that He has

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shown me something of the vileness of my nature, and my entire dependence on his sustaining and sanctifying Spirit. O, that the reality of 43 my conversion may endure the scrutiny of the final judgment!

*March 15 th.* —During the last three weeks have enjoyed much of the communion of the Spirit, trusting my life and all my interests, temporal and spiritual, to be directed and controlled by God, even as a child confides in a loving father. I often review with gratitude all the way by which God has led me, and hope I can see how He is training me for heaven, especially by showing me the vanity of the world and the depravity of my nature.

Observed this day as a fast. The weakness of my eyes is a great trial, as I am thus deprived of much of the intellectual employment which, from early life, has been my delight. Let the will of God be done. Yes, my daily prayer is, Blessed God, let thy will be done. In all things I desire to have the most unreserved submission to thy will; and I thank Thee for the comfort I derive from trust in thy promises. “I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.”

*March 7, 1828.*—On account of the weakness of my eyes, making it painful to write, a long interval has occurred in my Journal.

Observed this day as a fast. Mind solemn, and I had sweet communion with God while riding in the country. Headache in the evening, yet held earnest conversation with some members of the family on eternal realities.

As I returned this morning from a ride in the country, the magnificent Capitol was in full view. I 44 was impressed by the consideration of the vanity of all worldly grandeur, and thanked God that my portion is not in this world. The time comes when not one stone of that great structure will stand on another.

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*May 10 th.* —Fast-day, in preparation for partaking of the Lord's Supper to-morrow. Rode out to the country, and had some degree of earnestness in pleading with God. O, for the sweet communion of the Upper Temple!

*May 11 th.* —This evening had much freedom while speaking to some friends of the joys of heaven.

*May 16 th.* —During the past week had emotions somewhat joyful, especially in family prayer. One morning, such was my rejoicing in God, with mourning over the sinfulness of my nature, that tears rendered me unable to proceed with this service. At breakfast could not abstain from tears, as I was filled with views of unworthiness, and of the goodness and glory of God. After breakfast I retired for prayer. O, in heaven I will be able to bear, without being overcome, brighter manifestations of divine glory!

During the day had another hour of sweet communion, with God, and submission to his will. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him. God is good; God is love.

*July 3 d.* —For some weeks my health has been feeble,—dyspepsia, attended with headache and debility. My eyes are so weak that I am unable to read, and I am constrained to discontinue this Journal, in which I have recorded my spiritual conflicts and consolations.

45

For some time I have had calmness without much sensible joy, and my soul longs to be filled with the presence of God! O, how vain and empty is the world! But heaven is full of joy. Sin and bodily infirmity will not there keep me from the full enjoyment of Him whom my soul loveth. O, for the appearance of that new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness!

“My life is a frail life; a life which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth; the further it goeth, the neareth it cometh to death; a deceitful life, and like a shadow; full of the

snare of death. Now I rejoice, and now I languish; now I flourish, and now I fade; now I live, and now I die; now I laugh, and now I weep. O, joy above all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee that I may see my God?" 5

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#### CHAPTER IV. 1828–1852.

The last entry in my Journal, July 3, 1828, contains a statement of the causes of its discontinuance. I have found it to be pleasant and profitable to read the narrative of my "Early Life and Conversion." and the Journal which I kept from 1822 to 1828; and I desire hereafter to record the dealings of God with my soul, by which I may hope to be comforted in hours of despondency, and stimulated in seasons of declension. It is my design that my Journal shall contain, chiefly, a record of my spiritual life. I cannot give, in detail, the occurrences of the years which have passed since I discontinued the record. I will substitute a general statement.

In 1828 and 1829 the condition of my health induced me to suppose I could not continue to practice my profession. That I might not be entirely useless during the then—apparently—short period which might remain of my natural life, I determined to enter the ministry,—hoping I would be able to endure the toil in some itinerant employment. I commenced and prosecuted the preparation as far as the condition of my health, and the weakness of my eyes, would permit.

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I passed the summer of 1829 at Cape May, Bedford, and Berkeley Springs, and in the autumn returned to Washington so much improved in health that family considerations—among others, and chiefly, the afflictions of my mother—intimated to me that the path of duty was to be found in the continued pursuit of my medical practice. In all these my ways I endeavored to acknowledge God; and I now see, to an extent I did not see then, the fulfillment of his promise in the direction of my steps.

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In 1832, after long-continued and prayerful consideration of the subject, I decided on a removal to Baltimore, where my brother lived and practiced law. It was my most earnest desire that one roof might again cover my mother, my brother, and myself; and that thus we might renewedly live in daily household affection and communion. I went to Baltimore on the 17th of February of that year, rented a dwelling, and made other arrangements preparatory to the removal of my mother from Washington. Her removal was to a better home. On March 17, 1832, it was the will of God to take her to himself. The fatal disease was serous effusion of the brain, producing unconsciousness, which continued until death delivered her gentle spirit from the frail tenement which had been assailed, and was then overthrown, by the grievous afflictions of twenty-five years.

She possessed the gentle graces which adorn the character of woman. As a wife she gave a devotedness of life and affection which approached idolatry; as a mother she was loving, indulgent, self-sacrificing, yet considerate, and guileless as a friend. The personal attractions of early life were faded, not destroyed, by time and affliction. During the twenty-five years immediately preceding her death she was disabled, by chronic rheumatism, from walking, or turning in or arising from her bed without the aid of her nurse. Twenty years have passed since God took her; but she is green in my memory and fresh in my affections. I have often appropriated the words which Charles Lamb—the gentle Elia—used with reference to his mother, “What would I not give to call her back to earth for one day, that I might ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, gave her gentle spirit pain!”

Her death did not change our arrangements. We retained and furnished the house we had rented in Baltimore; and have ever since lived together in uninterrupted harmony and fraternal affection.

Perhaps I have no reason to regret that I cannot enter into details, in relation to Christian character, of many of the subsequent years of my life. Let me record with deep humiliation, and, I trust, with true repentance, that the graces of a holy and devout life were obscured;



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and that while I was enabled to preserve my Christian character, and never omitted daily prayer and reading the Scriptures, with punctual attendance on public worship, I did not grow in grace, nor live in sweet communion with God. This is a short, melancholy, and humiliating record of eighteen years of life, in their relation to the great end of my existence on earth. God is very merciful and of long sufferance; and now, bowed down in the dust, I acknowledge 49 my transgressions and his loving-kindness, —his plenteousness in mercy.

In the autumn of 1838, my political friends of the Whig Party prevailed on me to consent to be a candidate for a seat in the House of Delegates of Maryland. The campaign was conducted with ardor and unvarying courtesy. I had not been accustomed to public addresses,—never at town-meetings; yet I was compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to make numerous addresses to public assemblages. The contest resulted in the return of all the Whig candidates. The extensive and complicated interests of Baltimore caused me, while I occupied a seat in the House, to endure arduous and protracted labors.

In 1842 I published a volume of “Miscellanies,”—the result of attention to general literature. In 1845, '46, '47, I was a member of the First or Second Branch of the City Council of Baltimore. I became fond of public life, and of the *guadia certaminis* of debate. This connection with public affairs contributed largely to the development of my intellectual character, and to the increase of my acquaintance with human nature,—a knowledge never acquired except by actual contact with man.

In 1850 it pleased a holy and sovereign God to cause me to pass through a great trial,—a “furnace heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated.” It is no easy lesson for me—it is the most difficult lesson of man's life—to attain submission to the divine will; to obey the injunction, Be still, and know that I am 5\* 50 God. My corrupt nature rises in rebellion against the allotment of Providence. Grace only can subdue me, and lay me submissive and humble in the dust.

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In the autumn of that year (1850), one Sabbath morning, before attendance on Church, I walked alone on a quiet and retired street for air and exercise. During the six immediately preceding months I had been earnestly engaged in reviewing the past and in aiming to attain submission under my great trial. On this Sabbath morning God was pleased to visit and subdue me, and my soul was filled with penitence and love. As I walked, I continued to repeat with rapture, "God is good! God is good!" From that time the contest was continued with my rebellious will; and the two years have been marked by alternate rebellions and submissions, and, consequently, by alternations of enjoyment and depression.

In the summer of 1851 I went to the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, Virginia, where I had frequent seasons of sweet communion with God. I returned by the Berkeley Springs, where I passed September with a very small company of remaining visitors; and my almost constant employment was reading, meditation, and prayer. God was pleased to enable me, in some degree, to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Elizabeth, daughter and only surviving child of thy uncle, Stephen Collins, has lived with us for the last twelve years. I loved and venerated her father for the nobility of his character and the eminency of his 51 piety.\* It has been my abiding desire and daily prayer that she may meet him for the first time—he died before her birth—in that Upper Temple to which I believe he has gone. I was very thankful to ascertain towards the close of 1851, that she was then, and had been during her absence from Baltimore through the summer and a portion of the autumn, the subject of religious impressions. My soul was filled with gratitude and peace when, on the first Sabbath of January, 1852, she sat by my side at the feast which commemorates the death of the Saviour of men. When God, in his own good time, will be pleased to bring my brother, with us, to the same feast, it seems to me I will be prepared to say, "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

\* His character is drawn in my volume of "Miscellanies," in the article "The Deaf Eider." In addition to what is said of this eminently holy man, I have been informed that when,

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in his last illness, he was asked, "What are now your views on the great subject of your reconciliation with God?" he replied, "That matter was settled long since."

I dwell briefly on an incident connected with this Communion Sabbath. My tastes, education, and associations, in connection with my habitual absence from the resorts and amusements which so generally occupy the hours of leisure of unmarried men, induced me to indulge freely in social intercourse, as a gratification of a temper sometimes inclined to gayety, and of my delight in conversation. During the nine years I lived in Washington, I had, from principle, and in conformity to the generally-received opinions of the 52 Presbyterian Church, abstained from attendance at fashionable private parties, usually known as balls. On my removal to Baltimore, considerations and circumstances—the detail of which is not necessary, as I have no desire to attempt a justification of the change in my habits—induced me to relax the strictness of my self-discipline; and for many years I indulged in attendance on such assemblages in social life,—not as a participator of the principal amusement, since at no period of my life have I ever danced. Towards the close of the year 1851, the return of the season for such parties and my reflections in connection with my recent religious experience, invited my attention to the subject, without a result in any definite conclusion.

On this Sabbath morning, January 4, 1852, and during several preceding days, I had been diligently and prayerfully employed in preparation for the commemoration of the death of Christ; and God was graciously pleased to give me the presence of the Holy Spirit. During the hour which immediately preceded the commencement of the services of the Church, I paced the floor of my chamber, filled with love and dissolved in tears. Sweet Jesus! Precious Jesus! Lovely Jesus! were the words that gave expression to the emotions which then filled my soul; and I had delight in the contemplation of the sovereignty, holiness, and loving-kindness of God, in connection with the rich and free provision made in Jesus Christ for such a poor sinner as myself.

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I entered the Church in the enjoyment of this state 53 of emotion, which continued during the earlier parts of the services. Before the celebration of the Supper, Dr. B. read the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. When the second verse, "And be not conformed to this world," was read, my soul was overspread with darkness,—a loss of all my enjoyments. Conscience immediately pointed to my long-continued conformity to the world by attendance on social balls. The contest was not of long continuance. Then and there I resolved to correct my fault; and earnestly sought after forgiveness of my sin. God was mercifully pleased to give manifestations of pardon and acceptance; and I went to, and remained at, the table filled with emotions difficult of suppression. I am an undoubting believer in the fact that often God, for consolation or conviction, brings home texts of Scripture to the attention of his children. A few days subsequently I abstained from attendance on a ball at a palatial residence, notwithstanding I had sent an acceptance of the invitation. Since that period I have not been present at, nor felt the remotest desire to attend, such assemblages of fashionable society.

At an early period of life I was ordained to the Eldership in a Presbyterian Church in Somerset County, Maryland. When I settled in Washington in 1823, I was chosen to fill the same office in a Church in that city; and on my removal to Baltimore, Dr. Nevins invited me to fill the position in his Church. For reasons not necessary to be stated here, I declined the offer.

From the early period of my Christian profession, 54 and until my removal to Baltimore in 1832, it had been my constant practice to lead in prayer at assemblages for social worship. But after my settlement in Baltimore, among a strange people, I discontinued what, in former and happier years, had been to me most delightful employment. At the commencement of the present year, 1852, I resumed the performance of this pleasant social and religious duty,—often wrestling with or rejoicing in God. What are termed "gifts" are simply a spiritual improvement of natural faculties. The Holy Ghost is a "spirit of grace

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and of supplications.” The gifts may be in exercise without the grace; their union only comes from a present God.

However it may be with other men, God has been pleased to visit me with fuller discoveries of his glory, and sweeter manifestations of his Spirit, in secret than in public prayer. In those precious hours, when my whole soul is subdued by the Spirit of God; confessing sin, pleading for pardon and sanctification, longing after holiness and heaven,—then it is that any human presence would be an intrusion. There are hours when, engaged with the contemplation of divine glory and filled with holy love, the soul of man desires to be alone with God.

During the remaining portion of this winter (1852) and in March and April, I had frequent seasons of sweet communion with God; and was earnestly engaged in endeavors to attain meekness and long-suffering, with submission to all his will. I passed the month of May with friends on the Eastern Shore of Maryland; and was, unavoidably, much in company. 55 The result was that I had but little of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Such has with me always been the consequence when I am not careful to watch and pray,—seeking retirement rather than company. Whether engaged in usual and lawful pursuits, or walking the streets, riding, in company or alone, anywhere, everywhere, if I seek after God He is found of me; if I am unmindful of Him, He hides himself.

Early in June I returned to Baltimore, desirous to be alone, that I might humble myself before God and receive the evidences of his forgiving love. I cast myself unreservedly on the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. On many occasions I paced the floor of my chamber dissolved in tears, mourning my distance from God, and longing for holiness. I long for heaven; not to receive honor, but to be holy and like the blessed God, and eternally happy in adoration, praise, and love.

It was the great aggravation of the sins of Solomon, during a portion of his life, that “his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, who had appeared unto him twice.” I. Kings,

xi. 9. I acknowledge I have cause for deepest humiliation, since, at different periods of my Christian life, I have wandered so often and so far from God, after having “tasted the heavenly gift, and been made partaker of the Holy Ghost, and tasted the good word of God, and the power of the world to come.” Heb. vi. 4, 5. But how can I give expression to my gratitude for not having been left among those who “fall away,” and of whom it is said to be impossible 56 to renew them again to repentance? In deep gratitude and humiliation, I sometimes ask God to turn aside from listening to the praises and adorations of angels and all the holy company of heaven, and receive my thanks for the humble yet priceless hopes I entertain that I will dwell with Him forever. Experience has taught me that the Christian life is a warfare with alternate victories and defeats. “Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.” Micah, vii. 8.

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## **CHAPTER V. 1852.**

*July* 10, 1852.—Have been at Cape May for more than two weeks, passing my time very much apart from the company. What sympathy can a Christian have with the frivolities of this crowd? They seem to be regardless of God and eternity. Have had, while here, almost daily seasons of sweet communion with God.

In the evening sat in a private parlor, engaged with reading the Bible and “Alleine's Alarm;” and, having closed the book, was dissolved in tears, while my soul was poured out in thankfulness, and longings after holiness and heaven. An old man of seventy-three came into the room, with whom I spoke of eternal interests, but made no impression. No power but the Spirit of God can reach the heart of an aged worldling. Such cases are almost hopeless.

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*July 11 th* (Sabbath).—Attended Church and passed the day very quietly. Had several seasons of sweet and tender communion with God. In the evening read Owen “On Spiritual-Mindedness,” and peacefully went to sleep.

*July 12 th.* —Awoke in a solemn and peaceful frame. Walked and meditated and prayed and wept while 6 58 confessing sin, and longing for holiness and heaven. The burden of my prayer was for holiness and submission to the divine will. God is a merciful Father, and does not willingly afflict his children; but it is, and has always been, his dispensation to train them by tribulation for heaven. O, that under great trials I may be still and know that Thou art God!

Resolved to guard against irritability of temper and to aim after meekness and lowliness. O, the sweet peace God gives to them who daily strive against all sin!

*July 13 th.* —“When I awake I am still with Thee.” After breakfast retired to my chamber, and paced the floor while praying, rejoicing, and weeping,—weeping at the view of my own sinfulness and unworthiness in contrast with the infinite mercy and condescension of God to me, a poor sinner. O, why did God call me, and induce me to seek after holiness and heaven, and by his Spirit draw me to himself, when the crowds around me appear to think only of this world? My soul rejoiced in longing desires that Jesus will prepare for me one of the many mansions in his Father's house.

*July 14 th.* —Walked the piazza this morning, and had some tenderness in prayer. Spoke to a young man—a stranger to me—who had been drinking freely for several days. He took it most kindly, and thanked me for my consideration, and said he did not do so at home. I urged the tendency and usual result of such occasional indulgences. With attention to proper circumstances, I have never given offense by such efforts to warn the inconsiderate.

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During the morning I waited half an hour in the parlor of a hotel, hoping to find opportunity to converse with a lady whose mind, I had heard, was uneasy on spiritual subjects and interests. I found but little disposition to converse on such subjects, and endeavored to convince her that only religion can make us happy. Her depression probably proceeds from physical derangement. O, how I long to do something for the glory of God!

Since I have been here I have often called to mind the peaceful hours of communion with God I had while here the last season, with thankfulness for any advance in holiness, meekness, and submission.

*Evening.* —A dance is going on this evening in the saloon of this hotel where I lodge. I sat alone in the parlor, and read the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth chapters of Numbers; and, with open Bible before me, I enjoyed a season of sweet communion with God. Wept while I prayed for the heavenly manna,—adopting the prayer of Moses for Miriam, Heal me now, O God, I beseech Thee, from my leprosy of sin; give me to eat of the grapes of Eshcol; make me like the man Moses, who was very meek.

*July 16 th.* —Yesterday and to-day had but little of the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit. Blessed be God that when I go home to heaven there will be no interruption to communion with Him.

I expect to return to-morrow to Baltimore, and desire to record my gratitude for the many hours of sweet and tender communion I have enjoyed while here. I have been surrounded by multitudes of those 60 who appear daily to ask, "Who will show us any good?" I pray God not to give me my portion in this world, but to make me more pure in heart and holy in life; then I will not wish to follow the men of this world in the pursuit of honor, wealth, and pleasure.

*July 18 th.* —Yesterday returned to Baltimore. Circumstances occurred during the day, and also after my arrival, which were not pleasant and made me irritable. I am by nature



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proud and impetuous,—disposed, when I am wronged, to throw down or take up the glove. I mourn over it, and its indulgence always destroys spiritual enjoyments. O, for more meekness, gentleness, and forbearance! My Master was meek and lowly, and it is my daily prayer that I may become more like Him.

*July 25 th.* —Left Baltimore four days since for the White Sulphur Springs. Dined and passed the first night at Winchester, and had, during the afternoon, tenderness in prayer. Traveled the succeeding three days in a stage, much annoyed by heat and dust. Had an unpleasant scene with a co-traveler on account of an unreasonable desire to travel far into the night over the Warm Spring Mountain. Was thankful that I controlled my temper, while, with unyielding firmness, I carried my point. Prayed in silence for increase of long-sufferance, gentleness, and meekness. Arrived yesterday at my destination.

This morning read Owen “On Spiritual-Mindedness,” and then went to a retired and unoccupied cottage. While walking in the piazza had an hour of 61 sorrowing for sin, while I rejoiced in God. Wept while I confessed my vileness, and longed for holiness, and was humbled in the dust that God, in condescension, should manifest himself to such a poor sinner. My soul longed for holiness and heaven. I was thankful for prolonged life, thus having time to be, through grace, better prepared for that sweet home. O, how inexpressibly sweet to lie low in the dust and plead for mercy! Indeed, the fear of God passeth all understanding. If a cluster of the grapes be so sweet, how blessed to enter into the full enjoyment of the promised land!

“Here in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam; And nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.”

*July 26 th.* —With the exception of a few moments, was cold to-day and without comfort. A gentleman called on me, and I gave a religious direction to the conversation. He is a professor in the Presbyterian Church, and seemed to derive satisfaction from often having had a desire to be a missionary, as a means of doing good to others. I endeavored to

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impress the consideration that, if he be truly anxious to do good and glorify God, such results will surely follow the attainment of eminent personal holiness; and that thus, in any station, he would preach the Gospel. Human nature will make pilgrimages, and even die at the stake, to purchase heaven, but will not daily take up the Cross in meekness, self-denial and holiness. 6\* 62 Yet such is the only mode of entrance into heaven,—only through Christ, the door.

*July 27 th.* —After drinking the water, and a walk before breakfast, went into the parlor, which was unoccupied, and had sweet communion with God. After breakfast, retired to the same unoccupied cottage as on the 25th inst., and poured out my soul before God in supplications for pardon and sanctification, with a frame of heart wrestling and earnest, without much tenderness.

The person with whom I had the unpleasant scene on the 25th inst. arrived here this afternoon; and I met him with frankness and kindness, which he reciprocated. After tea took a solitary walk, and my soul was filled with love to God and man. With subdued heart, I prayed for gentleness, slowness to anger, lowliness, meekness, and longed for heaven, where holiness and peace reign forever. Lord, why dost Thou condescend to visit with thy grace such a poor sinner as I am?

*July 28 th.* —Cold and dead through the day. In the evening walked by moonlight, and acknowledged to God that, without himself, no earthly possessions could give me happiness.

*July 29 th.* —Cold and dead before breakfast. Was not diligent in meditation and ejaculatory prayer while bathing and dressing, and before I had arisen from my bed. After breakfast retired to a private place and communed with God. In the evening conversed with a Christian friend.

*July 31 st.* —While dressing, earnestly sought after 63 God. After breakfast had sweet peace in meditation and prayer. Shed tears while confessing sin and longing for the purity

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of heaven. Was exhausted by emotion. God said to Moses, "No man can see me and live." It is only a portion of divine glory that can be seen here while God passeth by.

Talked with two colored men on religious subjects. At sunset walked alone and meditated sweetly on the Cross, while I reposed on the death and merits of Jesus Christ.

"Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul From Thee to regions of despair? Who has surveyed the sacred roll, And found my name not written there?"

*August 1<sup>st</sup> (Sabbath).*—For many years my favorite manner in prayer has been to pace my room or walk in some retired place. It was thus when God first showed me his glory, and thirty-four years have confirmed the habit.

Retired this morning after breakfast; and, while walking and lamenting my distance from God, the Holy Spirit gave me sorrow for sin and desires after holiness. The crowds around me here appear to be regardless of eternity, yet asking, "Who will show us any good?" While I write these lines a man, eighty-two years old, is talking on political subjects on the portico near my open window, instead of turning his attention on this Sabbath-day to preparation for the account he soon must render. Read Owen "On Spiritual-Mindedness."

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After tea walked alone, and had sweet composure while casting myself, with all my trials, on God my Father. Have been led, during the last two years, to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. My eyes are to Thee." While walking met a poor victim of Greek elephantiasis,— *Lepra tuberculosa*, —a disease which gives the subject a revolting, even hideous aspect. All seek to avoid his presence; and, like the ancient leper, he lodges in a remote house, and brings his own drinking-vessel to the spring, I stopped and spoke kindly to him; told him I thought he had improved since I traveled with him in the Valley of Virginia, and aimed to comfort and encourage him. As I parted from him I used the prayer

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of Moses for the leprous Miriam, "Heal him now, O God, I beseech Thee." Also prayed that he may be healed of a worse leprosy,—sin.

Before retiring to my chamber for the night, paced the parlor floor alone, and, with tears, communed with God and longed for holiness and heaven. Thirty-four years ago I hope and believe God converted my soul, and I know He will not send an angel to announce to me that I will be at last received into heaven. But I am overwhelmed with the solemnity of an appearance before a holy God! While I walked and wept and prayed, I asked God what I would do in hell. Holy God! do I not love thy service and perfections? Do I not long to dwell with Thee? Is not my soul now filled with thy love? Holy God! what would I do in hell, exiled forever from Thee?

*August 2 d.* —Retired after breakfast to my usual 65 place of resort for meditation and prayer, and walked and prayed without comfort. I asked for the descent of the Holy Spirit, and presently my heart was softened and filled with peace. I thanked God for trials, by which I have been taught, in some small degree, submission, meekness, and gentleness. The objects of this world seem to me, for the last two months, to be very insignificant, as, during that period, God has so often given to me sweet communion with himself. Much of the time is passed in solitude, as I have little relish for the conversation and amusements of those around me. Sometimes body and soul are exhausted by emotions. But, sweet thought, when I go home to heaven I will worship God without weariness or rest. While in the body may I always be found "walking in the fear of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

Conversed with Mr. Colwell, proprietor, concerning the man so grievously afflicted with *Greek elephantiasis*, who is too poor to allow him to remain here, at charge, long enough to receive the full benefit of the sulphur-water. He said he could remain as long as he pleased, without any charges for board, baths, or water. While walking a mile to communicate the decision to the patient, my heart was filled with peaceful emotions and gratitude to God that I was instrumental in kind offices to one so destitute and friendless.

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Asked that I may, in some degree, be like Him who went about doing good. The poor man was very grateful, and wished to express his thanks; but I gave him to understand that silence was the most agreeable expression. Nothing is so eloquent as what Gray styles.

66

“The still, small voice of gratitude.”

Good deeds cannot merit the favor of God; but “The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy” which follow is a rich compensation.

*August 3 d.* —Cold and dead to-day. The full and uninterrupted enjoyment of God is reserved for heaven. But, Lord, it is pleasant to eat manna in the wilderness. May “the Lord direct my heart into the love of God and the patient waiting for Christ!”

*August 6 th.* —For the last three days without any comfort or communion with God. This morning, after reading McCosh on the “Divine Government” for a few hours, I walked to and fro in a retired spot, when my heart was softened, and I poured out my soul before God in earnest prayer.

While undressing for the night, had a recurrence of similar emotions. O, how consoling was the thought that, at the close of life, I will “sleep in death and rest in God!” I thank God for immortality,—that, when I die, I will go home, and dwell forever with Him in heaven. Lovely Jesus! I will stand and knock for admittance until “my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.”

*August 11 th.* —Have not, for the past four days, had any very sensible influences of the blessed Spirit. The hours which I usually devote to reading and meditation have, to some degree, been unavoidably occupied by friends recently arrived,—attention to whom is proper and pleasant. However it may be with others, my soul prospers most when I am much alone. The 67 command, “Pray without ceasing,” I suppose to be designed to

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inculcate a spirit of devotion, so that the desires of the heart may be going out to God at all times and in all places. That constitutes the life of God in the soul of man.

This morning earnestly looked to God for his presence. After breakfast retired from company, and the Holy Spirit was pleased to descend on me with reviving and consoling power. Was humbled in the dust while I urged the promises, and longed for holiness and heaven; and rejoiced in my indebtedness to Christ for all my hopes of acceptance with God. O, precious Cross of Jesus Christ! Its sweetness was never tasted by angels. My soul, with her imagination and reason, vainly attempted, and often attempts, to penetrate the mysteries of the solemn scene which follows death. Here faith came to my relief; and my bewildered soul cast herself at the foot of the Cross, and pleaded that precious blood. O, Thou Altogether Lovely! my heart now gives expression to its fullness in flowing tears, while I repose on thy bosom and plead thy dying love.

*August 14 th.* —Leave the White Sulphur this after noon for the Sweet Springs. I look back with wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of God to me during the three weeks I have been here. For the last two and a half months I have enjoyed something of the sweet peace of God and the precious hopes of heaven. Holy God! without Thee I cannot be happy. I ask no portion but Thee.

The visitors here pursue the usual round of giddy pleasure,—seeking from earth the happiness which earth can never bestow. And is this life?

“To tread our former footsteps, pace the round Eternal? to beat and beat The beaten track? to see what we have seen? To taste the tasted? O'er sated palates To descant another vintage?”

And such objects they will continue to pursue as their chief good—unless grace prevent—until, perhaps, old age comes on, and cold philosophy teaches her lesson as their only hope, that “When one by one our ties are torn, And friend from friend is snatched forlorn; When man is left alone to mourn, O, then, how sweet it is to die! When trembling limbs

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refuse their weight, And films slow-gathering dim the sight; When clouds obscure the mental sight, 'Tis Nature's kindest boon to die."

They look forward to the grave with no other hope than the consideration,—

"The storm which wrecks the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose Then Summer evening's gentlest sigh, Which shuts the rose—" when "Life's labors done, securely laid In this their last retreat, Unheeded, o'er their silent dust The storms of life shall beat."

69

*August 16 th.* Sweet Springs.—Walked after breakfast in a retired place, and had sweet communion with God. Shed tears while I humbled myself, and rejoiced, in sweet peace. Lord, it would be hell to me to pass eternity without thy presence, even if there should exist no positive suffering. Eternal absence from God! O, that indeed would be hell to him who has been "born again"!

*August 17 th.* —Before tea walked alone over the fields, and while surrounded by the calm beauty of the lovely scene, my soul went forth in sweet contemplation towards my Father who created it. Was astonished while dwelling on the mercy of God in calling a poor sinner like myself by his Spirit, and giving me the peaceful hope of a home in heaven. Lord, can it be so, that Thou wilt take a poor sinner like me to dwell forever with Thee? Retired to bed in sweet peace.

*August 18 th.* —Bathed at five this morning; and while sitting by the fire after bath, talked with the keeper of the bath-house about preparation for death. He is an old consumptive colored man, and admits he has made no preparation. Lord, why didst Thou call me and pass him by?

While I am thankful for all past experience,—precious experience,—I desire not to rest in that, but to "press towards the mark for the prize" as the "one thing I do,"—"forgetting

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those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before." Phil. iii. 13.

*August 19 th.* —No sweet peace to-day in communion 7 70 with God. Went to a shoemaker to do a small job; and sat down while he worked, and talked with him on religious subjects. Was pleased to find he has, for twenty years, been a professor, and, as I judged, in earnest.

*August 21 st.* —Cold and dead for the last two days. The corrupt nature has annoyed me. O, that the grace which prevailed for Peter may not be withheld from me! This morning read the seventh chapter of Luke. My heart was full, and I wept while reading the touching scene relating to Mary Magdalene. Lord, like her I am a sinner. I would wash thy feet with tears, and kiss them, and wipe them with the hairs of my head. I owed Thee five hundred pence, and Thou hast forgiven me.

The great and good John Owen said on the day of his death, "The long-looked-for day has come at last, in which I will see the glory of Christ in another manner than I have ever yet done, or was capable of doing in this world." Show me thy glory.

*August 24 th.* —My soul is filled with love and peace.

*August 27 th.* —Leave to-day for the Berkeley Springs, by the way of the Natural Bridge. I long to be more alone in communion with God.

*August 29 th.* —Passed this Sabbath at the Natural Bridge, as much alone as circumstances permitted. Admired the power of God in the works which are around me.

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## CHAPTER VI. 1852.

*September 2 d.* Berkeley Springs.—Came here yesterday, and found the company unusually large for this late period of the season. After I retired to my chamber at night,



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had sweet peace and communion with God,—acknowledging my unworthiness, and rejoicing in the atonement of Jesus Christ as my only hope. O, what are all earthly pleasures when compared with the pleasure derived from communion with the blessed God!

*September 5 th.* —Have not exercised sufficient watchfulness over thoughts and emotions, and God hides his face. Yesterday I was mourning on account of sin, and seeking after God. Had peace to-day at Church while singing a hymn. After service retired for reading and meditation, and was filled with peace. O, sweet is the peace when God returns in love to a weary and sin-sick soul!

*September 7 th.* —This morning after breakfast went to my chamber, when God gave me sweet manifestations of himself. Was humbled in the dust while contrasting his infinite holiness with my own vileness; and walked the floor, and prayed, and wept until I was exhausted by emotion. My soul longed for holiness 72 and heaven, while I confessed my vileness. Jesus Christ is my hope.

Retired early to-night to my chamber, and, reposing on God, asked Him, in faith and with tears, if there be not room in heaven for another poor sinner. Implored Him not to allow me to deceive myself; and, if I have not been “born again,” that He would convince and convert me. I have not had, for years, the same urgent importunity and wrestling with God as I now have while praying for pardon, sanctification, holiness, and heaven. I believe I was converted thirty-four years since; but I feel the corruption of my nature, and long to be pure in heart, that I may see and be like Him.

*September 8 th.* —Walked in the grove after breakfast, and my soul was filled with love to God and man. Blessed God! why art Thou, day after day, so merciful to me a sinner? I associate very little with the company. Their tastes, conversation, and pursuits are of this world. I trust I am traveling to a better country, even a heavenly. I prefer to be alone much of my time, in communion with God and my own soul. I read of God in his Word; He

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is around me in the beauties of creation; He is within me by the influences of his Spirit. I would be alone with Him.

During the remainder of the day my heart was in rebellion on account of some trials,—repining, unsubmissive. A childlike submission, and faith in God, are the great lessons of the Christian's life. I know whatever He does is best; but it is hard to *feel*, as 73 well as to say, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

*September 9 th.* —Walked in the grove before breakfast, and with a subdued soul communed with God. Was humbled in the dust and laid hold of the Cross; and told God if I must perish I will perish *there*.

“Low at thy feet I cast me down; To Thee reveal my guilt and fear; And if Thou spurn me from thy throne, I'll be the first who perished there.”

O, lovely Jesus! O, precious Cross! Lord, can it be that I have an interest in that atoning blood? I have no other hopes of heaven.

Was alone after tea, and had sweet contemplations on God and heaven, while I rejoiced in salvation by Jesus Christ. O, how much better for a poor sinner to be made holy, and go home to God, rejoicing in the Cross of Christ, than for man to have continued in Paradise without any need of a Saviour!

*September 10 th.* —At breakfast this morning was drawn into a conversation on the peculiarities of certain persons, which were the subject of comment. I have long endeavored to avoid evil-speaking in every form. The Lord enable me to be more watchful. One reason why I pass so much of my time alone at summer resorts is, that the characters of others are so frequently the subject of conversation. I have sins and infirmities of my own sufficient to occupy all my attention. “He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her.” I do not pray that 7\* 74 God will take me out of the world, but that He will keep me from the evil. I have been much impressed by Luke, vi. 35.

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*September 12 th.* —For two days have been without any spiritual comfort. After tea last evening felt my absence from God; retired early to my chamber, and poured out my soul before God with supplications and tears,—wrestling with Him that He would save another poor sinner. This Sabbath morning had solemn views of death,—being filled with awe at the prospect of an appearance before an infinitely pure and holy God. Was then resigned to cast myself on his mercy and love. I long for more purity, holiness, submission, faith, and love. It will be soon enough to rest when the warfare has closed.

*September 19 th (Sabbath).*—During the past week have not had any seasons of sweet communion with God. After retiring to bed was enabled to engage my mind, with some comfort, in divine contemplation; and then was assailed by evil thoughts and emotions. O Lord, deliver me!

*September 20 th.* —Early this morning my heart was full of impurity and corruption. After breakfast walked, and was engaged in meditation and prayer. Longed after God, and besought Him to have pity on me, and return with the influences of the Holy Spirit. When fatigued with walking, sat down by the roadside, still engaged in seeking after God. After I had been thus employed about two hours, God was pleased to give me a precious manifestation of himself. My soul was subdued by love, and rejoiced in the view of the glory of God. Salvation by Christ was very precious, and I rejoiced in the assurance that in heaven I will know more of that mystery than I can understand while in the body. I thanked Him for all the sanctified sorrows and trials of my life; and felt that, without God, even though I possessed all the world, I could not be happy. My emotions found vent in floods of tears, and I rejoiced that in heaven I will be able to worship God without exhaustion,—engaged in adoration, never ceasing from praise and ever increasing in love. Lord! what am I that Thou visitest me?

To-morrow return to Baltimore; and now give my most thankful acknowledgments to God for health and protection during my long absence from home, and for the many manifestations of himself which He has made to one so unworthy. These blessed

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manifestations have caused this, with the exception of that of 1818, to be the happiest summer of my life.

*September 23 d.* Baltimore.—Was enabled this morning to cast myself, with all my temporal and eternal interests, on the love and mercy of God. During the subsequent portion of the day, several occurrences gave opportunities for the exercise of meekness, gentleness, and submission. I thank God for sanctified trials. Peace and love and rest will be found in heaven.

*September 24 th.* —This morning sought after God. After breakfast had sweet manifestations of love, and reposed on his mercy, and longed to go home to heaven, where I will love and serve Him. Emotion and tears exhausted me. Lord, here I cannot bear 76 full manifestations of thy love; but there will be no infirmity in heaven. O, for the hour when I will see “face to face”!

*September 25 th.* —Awoke this morning in despondency under the pressure of trials. Went to market, and, while engaged there, I sought in meditation and silent prayer for trust in God. Returned to my chamber, and poured out my whole soul before God,—confessing sin and pleading the promises. My soul longed to go home to my Father's house, where I will love and rejoice in Him without distraction or exhaustion.

*September 27 th.* —Went to market this morning, having been, before I went there, mourning over my coldness and distance from God. When I returned to my chamber and sought after God, my soul was subdued by love. I adopted the prayer of the Prodigal Son, and a gracious Father was pleased to feast me on the abundance of his house. Shed many tears, and my heart was tender and filled with emotion until the middle of the day.

*October 2 d.* —Without comfort for the last five days. Sick yesterday, and in bed part of the time. Thought much of death. O, it is a solemn act!—to leave all earthly objects and

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associations forever, and appear for final judgment before a holy God. Death, judgment, and eternity are words of awful import.

*October 3 d.* —Before I retired to bed last night I wrestled in agony for half an hour, asking for pardon and the return of the Holy Spirit. Was engaged this morning for half an hour in the same manner, and 77 without the joy I have often had. O Lord, how long!

*October 4 th.* —Many things in Scripture and in the usage of eminent saints point to conversation, with purity of motive, on religious experience. But spiritual pride is apt to be thus produced, and I am convinced such conversation should be had only with the greatest circumspection. Recently I have had my attention directed to this subject.

*October 6 th.* —For some days have been striving to exercise submission to the will of God, with faith in his Providence, even in the darkest hours. “Give me what Thou knowest to be good, and Thou only knowest; and if that be the reverse of what I ask, give me that reverse, and let me not be undone by my prayers.”

*October 8 th.* —Before I arose this morning my soul longed for communion with God. Sought Him while bathing and dressing. Had some peace and tenderness during the forenoon.

Was called on to lead at the Friday afternoon prayer-meeting. Was earnest and abased while praying for submission and holiness. Emotion sometimes made me almost unable to proceed. It is very sweet to lie low before God and have the soul filled with his love.

*October 9 th.* —Oppressed by the heat, the thermometer ranging from 83° to 87° during' the day.

*October 10 th (Sabbath).*—Returned from Church this afternoon, and had a sweet season of longing after holiness and heaven.

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*October 11 th.* —Awoke this morning calm in spirit. After breakfast retired to my room and paced the floor while pouring out my soul before God, and asking for one of the many mansions in my Father's house. I thank God for prolonged life; but, O blessed day when I will go home to dwell with Him!

*October 14 th.* —Cold and dead the last three days. Have been deficient in watchfulness.

*October 15 th.* —With some tenderness earnestly sought God while dressing this morning. In the afternoon led in devotion at the prayer-meeting. At first solemn, without emotion, and then poured out my soul while pleading the dealings of God with his people in former ages.

*October 19 th.* —Without spiritual emotion for the last three days. Disposed to pride and self-exaltation and rebellion against God. O, it is hard to *feel*, while I repeat, "Thy will be done," and to bear, with holy meekness and calmness, with submission and benevolence, the injurious treatment of others! I rejoice that in heaven there is love and peace.

This morning my soul reposes on God with deep humility and submission to his will,—a sweet, peaceful submission. Do unto me as pleases Thee. Be Thou my portion.

*October 24 th.* —Not much sensible joy for the last five days. Under all trials I am consoled by the words, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." I am learning something of that most difficult lesson,—submission.

*October 27 th.* —Awoke this morning at four o'clock, 79 arose, kindled a fire, and, on my knees, poured out my whole soul before God. Began to weep, and was obliged to desist, as weeping is so injurious to my weak eyes. Retired again to bed, and reposed sweetly on the love of God, with longings after heaven.

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Arose again at six, and, while bathing and dressing, communed with and longed after God, until flowing tears compelled me to cease. After breakfast returned to my room, my soul longing after God and filled with his love.

*October 28 th.* —The disease of my eyes is chronic conjunctivitis. Dr. N. R. Smith applies the sulphate of copper to the inner surface of the lower lids, at the same time using an ointment of the red oxide of mercury. I cannot read; desire submission to the will of God.

Paced the floor this morning, and had sweet communion with God. My soul, which has hovered over the troubled waters of this world in search after happiness and rest, longed to return to the Ark. Lord, open a window, and stretch forth thy hand, that I may alight upon it and be taken in. Was unable to refrain from tears. O, how sweet the hours when the soul is filled with the love of God!

Last evening, in an argument, I “spoke unadvisedly with my lips.” “Set a watch, O, Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”

*October 31 st.* —Still rebelling against the dealings of God,—no light, no comfort, no submission. In heaven the wicked Cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. O, that I could repose on the promises of God and submit to his will!

*November 2 d.* —This morning longed for heaven as a state of holiness rather than as a state of happiness. Then the tempter returned, and I passed the day in rebellion against God. Before I retired to bed, had a return of sweet submission and peace.

*November 5 th.* —For a short season this morning communed with God and longed to behold his glory.

*November 7 th* (Sabbath).—Passed the day in dullness and darkness. Towards evening called perseveringly on God and was somewhat revived. Attended the monthly evening concert for prayer, and was called on to lead, when my whole soul was bowed before

God in the lowliness of humility. Before the prayer closed, was unable to keep from tears. Returned home, and reposed sweetly and peacefully on God.

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**CHAPTER VII. 1852–1853.**

*November 8 th.* —This morning my soul was filled with the peace of God, and tears compelled me to spare my poor eyes. Yet, Lord, it is very sweet to weep before Thee, with confession of sin and longings after holiness and heaven. Soon infirmity of body will not restrain communion with God. I hope God is training me for heaven, and sometimes I think He will soon take me to himself. Times and seasons are in his hands.

*November 11 th.* —A small company of young persons invited to the house this evening. While sitting in the parlor, and not taking much share in the conversation, was engaged, a portion of the time, in meditation and silent prayer. Retired to my chamber at ten, and, while pacing the floor, had enlargement in prayer, and longed for holiness and a view of the glory of God. Went to sleep with sweet thoughts of heavenly things.

*November 12 th.* —This morning, under unexpected provocation, lost my temper for a short time; then prayed for pardon and more watchfulness. In the afternoon and evening had the peace which calms the soul. My temper is quick, and I strive to restrain it. 8

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*November 15 th.* —My eyes are improving, and Dr. Smith says they will soon be well, at least as well as they have been since I injured them thirty years since in Philadelphia. I desire to be thankful.

*November 19 th.* —Not much comfort for the last four days. Led in prayer at the Lecture-Room this afternoon. With enlargement I poured out my requests before God, who visits a poor worm of the dust.



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*November 22 d.* —After breakfast had sweet visitations of my Father's love, and paced the floor while communing with Him and longing for holiness and heaven. Lovely Jesus! Thou precious friend of sinners! Why didst Thou die for such a poor, sinful wretch as I am?

*November 24 th.* —Yesterday my heart was in a state of rebellion against God for some of his dispensations towards me. I desire meek submission to his will.

This morning had tenderness and enlargement before God, and longed for submission in this world, and for peace and rest in heaven.

*November 25 th.* —O, it is sweet to sleep while the heart waketh,—to go to sleep occupied with thoughts of God, and to awake with Him. No sensual indulgences can confer happiness to be compared with that enjoyed by the pure in heart.

*December 2 d.* —The last eight days have been passed without any sweet peace and communion with God. The occurrence of some circumstances has disquieted me, and caused rebellion and unsubmitiveness. In my morning reading of the Bible I opened at the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm, and was attracted by 83 the ninth verse, "But the way of the wicked He turneth upside down."

*December 5 th.* —Before I retired to bed last night, my soul was somewhat revived, and I had composure while casting myself, with all my interests, on the mercy of God.

A few moments after I took my seat in church this Sabbath morning between my brother and Elizabeth, the Holy Spirit was pleased to visit me, and I could scarcely repress tears while ardently longing and praying that I may meet them in heaven.

For several past days I have been earnestly engaged in wrestling with God that He will give me deliverance from trials. The trials have been sanctified, and I am thankful for them. The thirty-seventh Psalm was read by Dr. B. before the sermon, and was most remarkably adapted to my circumstances and state of mind Dr. B. then preached an

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excellent discourse from I. Peter, v. 6, 7. It was just what I required, and I was greatly comforted by renewed faith. May I always “rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;” “casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you.” I will rest patiently in Him.

*December 10 th.* —Am thankful for more resignation to God's most holy will, and desire to wait patiently for Him.

Was called on to lead in prayer this afternoon at the weekly prayer-meeting, and paraphrased the Lord's Prayer with freedom and enlargement. I never before attempted this.

During the evening my soul reposed in sweet peace, 84 —rejoicing that I am going home to heaven, where God ever lives and reigns. “O, blessed abode!”

*December 11 th.* —Received this morning a most unexpected provocation, and with effort controlled my temper. Mind disturbed for a few hours, and then found repose. Just before retiring for the night my attention was directed to my sinful nature. Prayed for pardon and sanctification, and then the tempter left me. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see —possess or enjoy—God.

*December 12 th.* —Was calm this morning and looking for the rest—Sabbath—which remaineth for the people of God. Cautioned a dear young professor of religion against frivolity on this holy Sabbath-day.

*December 14 th.* —While dressing, and again when taking my solitary breakfast, sought earnestly after God, with some degree of peace. Unexpectedly betrayed during the forenoon to an indulgence of transient irritability; and while walking the streets, sought pardon and grace sufficient for me. My nature is quick, impulsive; an easily-besetting sin.

Seeds have been found in mummies thousands of years after the body had been embalmed; and when sown they have germinated and produced fruit,—thus showing that

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the principle of life, though long inactive, was not destroyed. Thus the new life, which, I trust, God gave me nearly thirty-five years since, has never died.

*December 15 th.* —Notwithstanding my prayerful watchfulness, was not meek under most unexpected annoyance this morning. Lord, give me sufficient, 85 efficient grace! Truly “Thou art a God who hidest thyself.”

*December 17 th.* —This afternoon was invited to lead in prayer at the weekly prayer-meeting. The prayer was too long. Resolved henceforth to aim at the correction of this fault. I have long known that such prayers do not edify others,—the objection to them is universal. On this subject I fully adopt the views of that great and holy man, President Edwards.

*December 19 th (Sabbath).*—Arose this morning just before the break of day, kindled the fire, and then on my knees prayed for pardon and sanctification; then wept aloud, after I returned to bed, and cried to God for sanctification. While preparing for my morning bath, again knelt, and prayed, and wept.

*December 21 st.* —For the last twenty-four hours my soul has been tossed by a tempest of disquietude. O, that I could submit, and have faith in God! In the hour when I was converted my whole soul rejoiced, with wonder and delight, in his sovereignty. Why can I not now do the same after thirty-five years have passed since that joyful hour?

Miserere mei, Deus; disrucior animi.

*December 22 d.* —Mind more composed last evening, intrusting in, and waiting on, God. Was earnestly engaged this morning in seeking submission, pardon, and sanctification. Paced the floor, and longed and prayed for the testimony Enoch had before his translation, that he pleased God. 8\*

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My eyes are greatly improved, and I begin to read cautiously. God is good.

*December 24 th.* —Went this afternoon to the Lecture-Room; but, on account of the inclemency of the weather, no one was there but Dr. B. and myself. Conversed with him for some time on the low state of piety and spirituality in this city and in our Church. Encouraged him to hope,—urging that we should, while working and waiting on God, aim after higher attainments in personal holiness.

*December 25 th.* —Read some portions of the narrative of my “Early Life and Conversion.” Then paced the floor, filled with gratitude for the love of God. To-day have had several seasons of sweet communion with God. Was comforted by reading the eleventh chapter of Luke.

*December 27 th.* —Sat alone in the dining-room before dinner was served, and shed tears while admiring the mercy of God in calling me to the hope of eternal life.

*December 28 th.* —After breakfast, paced the floor of my chamber, rejoicing in God as my eternal portion, and longing for the purity and blessedness of heaven.

*December 29 th.* —Heart hard as a rock, and no joy in communion with God.

*December 30 th.* —Arose at six this morning, and, having kindled the fire, knelt down and earnestly sought after God. He heard me, and I found Him, and poured out my whole soul before Him. “Who will show us any good?” is the inquiry of men of this world; and they seek after it in the pursuit of 87 honor, wealth, and sensual pleasures. I can say with Seneca, *Sæpe misertus sum generis humani.*

*December 31 st.* —Observed this the last day of the year as a fast in preparation for Communion on the next Sabbath.

After a few more years the natural decay of the body will bring the close of life, and my soul will stand before God in judgment. *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.*

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**CHAPTER VIII. 1853.**

*January 2, 1853 (Sabbath).*—Yesterday morning arose very early, and had some freedom while praying for pardon of all past sins; and that during this year I may live nearer to God. Cold and dead the remainder of the day, and in the evening. Before retiring to bed, paced the floor and earnestly sought after God.

Arose this morning at five, and, having made the fire, knelt and called on God for help, as my soul was still far estranged from Him. Then laid down for half an hour, still seeking after God. Arose again at six without comfort, and, stopping preparation for the morning bath, knelt and wrestled with God for some time. No joy; but my whole soul was under intense emotion, while beseeching Him to visit me.

After breakfast, walked on a quiet street for air and exercise,—all the time engaged in prayer. Returned to my chamber, and again wrestled with God,—pleading my necessities and his promises, and glorying in the Cross of Christ. Never before have I had such seasons of wrestling with God, unaccompanied by peace and joy. My emotions became too intense for 89 bodily endurance, and I was obliged to desist, as my head began to be affected.

As this is Communion Sabbath, I earnestly sought God during the morning, that by the presence of the Holy Spirit I might see Jesus and have some little crumb from his table. During the services which preceded the administration my mind was calm, not joyful. Our pastor, who, on such occasions, is usually a model in manner and matter, preached from Galatians, vi. 14. At the commencement of the services of the table God graciously heard my prayers. My soul was softened and subdued by love, and I gloried in the Cross of

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Christ. Tears flowed, and my emotions were not easily restrained. This continued during the entire communion-service. O, it was a refreshing season to my soul! When I returned home, I was much exhausted by emotions, and sought repose. In heaven I will worship God without weariness or exhaustion.

*January 4 th.* —During the day yesterday my soul reposed in peace; but after tea something occurred to place me in deep depression and rebellion against God. Retired early to my chamber, as I wished to be alone. Endeavored to humble myself before God, and to submit to his will.

This morning more submissive, and I earnestly sought for pardon. I long to defer patiently to the will of God, reposing in faith on his promises. O, that I could, at all times, submit to his will!

*January 8 th.* —Have been calm and peaceful for the 90 last four days. Arose at six this morning, and, while dressing, committed myself to God.

*January 9 th.* —Felt all this day and evening the sad effects of sins. Disposed to skepticism; could not pray; the Cross of Christ had no beauty in my view; very languid; asked the Holy Spirit to return to my soul; evidences all clouded. Have mercy upon me, O God!

*January 10 th.* —Arose early this morning, and, after kindling the fire, humbled myself before God. I told Him I was ashamed to look to heaven, and, covering my face with my hands, humbled myself in the dust, wishing I could find some place where I could hide myself from Him,—a wish produced by the most intense agony of soul. I then arose, and, with outstretched arms, looked up to the heavens in the early dawning light, and told God if I must perish it would be while calling on and looking after Him and seeking to find Him. More calm during the day.

*January 11 th.* —Arose early this morning, and had sweet delight in the Cross of Christ.

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*January 12 th.* —This morning received outrageous and almost unendurable provocation from a person who was, without any just cause, excited by sudden and violent passion. God gave me grace to bear with him in quietness. After several hours I spoke to him on the subject, and he was very respectful and penitent. Jesus Christ was meek and lowly. My nature is irritable, passionate, and prompt in action. God only can enable me to “rule my spirit,” and become “slow to anger.” After the interview <sup>91</sup> God gave a most gracious manifestation of himself to my soul.

*January 21 st.* —O Lord, fulfill thy promise, “I will not execute the fierceness of my anger; I will not return to destroy Ephraim; for I am God, and not man; the Holy One.” Hosea, xi. 9.

Awoke early this morning, and my soul longed after God. Arose, and earnestly prayed for pardon and sanctification, and had some comfort.

My temperament is ardent, and my nature social; and I have longed, and still long, for the associations of domestic life. I leave that to the Great Disposer.

*January 24 th.* —On the morning of the 22d, and again this morning, I paced the floor of my chamber, and held sweet communion with God, rejoicing in the contemplation of his sovereignty, and infinite holiness and goodness.

*January 30 th.* (Sabbath).—During the past week have mourned for the corruption of my depraved nature. This morning had a season of sweet communion with God while I reposed on his love.

I wish this Journal faithfully to represent my character, recording my sins and darkness, as well as my brighter hours.

*February 1 st.* —Have been reading the Life of Leighton. His Commentary on the first Epistle of Peter is one of my favorite books,—so sound in experimental divinity, and

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indicating such ripeness in Christian attainments. Have also been reading the works of President Edwards. My taste for such books increases.

*February 2 d.* —This morning, after I returned from 92 market, had a season of humiliation before God, rejoicing in the Cross of Christ, and confessing I would not, if I could, enter heaven by any other way. O, sweet and precious Cross! My soul would fall down before it, and wash the feet of Jesus with my tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head.

I thank God that I am learning submission to his holy will. Was called on this afternoon to lead at the prayer-meeting, and had considerable enlargement. On account of inclement weather, not more than fifteen persons were present. These small gatherings in inclement weather are peculiarly pleasant to me.

*February 5 th.* —Paced the floor of my chamber this morning, rejoicing in the Cross of Christ, and longing to behold more of the glory of God than ever I can have in this world. O, how my soul longed for heaven, where I will see face to face! Was unable to restrain my flowing tears, while my heart was filled with love. Regard for my eyes, which are injured by weeping, compelled me to desist. Sat down and read the thirty-seventh Psalm. In heaven I will have no infirmities, “and God will wipe away all tears from my eyes.”

*February 6 th (Sabbath).*—Arose very early, and while dressing kneeled down and poured out my whole soul before God, rejoicing in his sovereignty and longing to behold more of his glory, and astonished at his great condescension in giving to me the influences of his Holy Spirit. Was unable to restrain flowing tears, and had to desist, as on yesterday. Blessed be God, that while I bear the burden of my great trials, I learn to be more meek and lowly and 93 submissive. While t pen these lines I feel that God is good. Let his will be done. My trials teach me to say, with David, “I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.” Psalm xxxix. 9. God's time is the best time; and I desire to have faith in Him.

*February 7 th.* —Awoke at day-breaking, and before I arose my soul was filled with the contemplation of the glory of God, rejoicing in his sovereignty, reposing on his mercy,



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and overflowing with love. During the forenoon had a renewal of these sweet joys, and remained calm and peaceful all the day.

In the evening some occurrences excited rebellion against God, and I retired to bed in darkness and disquietude, almost in despair. I wish to possess my soul in patience, waiting on God, in whose dispensations thick darkness often precedes the dawning light. He often waits until the eleventh hour, and then gives deliverance.

*February 8 th.* —Awoke early, and my soul was dark as midnight. Arose, lighted a candle, made the fire, and then kneeled before God, and sought and obtained his blessing. After breakfast, while walking the streets, my soul communed with God, rejoicing in his glorious perfections, and earnestly asking for deliverance from trials.

During the morning, in conversation with one of the most eminent men of the State, explained the relation between faith and works, and held up Jesus Christ as the only hope of a sinner. My aim is always to avail myself of such opportunities. 9

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*February 9 th.* —While dressing, this morning, and meditating on the infinite perfections of God, my heart was softened, and I knelt down in humble adoration, and astonished that a Being so infinitely pure and holy should turn aside to look down upon and visit such a poor, miserable sinner as I am.

When walking the streets after breakfast, had a renewal of the same views and comforts, and while I write these lines my soul is filled with love and gratitude that grace is daily afforded me to press on to heaven my home.

*February 20 th.* —This Sabbath morning my soul was filled with tender love while contemplating the mercy of God to me a sinner. He shows mercy to whom He will. After tea in the parlor had a long and interesting conversation with my brother on religious subjects. Lord, save his precious soul!

*February 21 st.* —In a conversation this morning with one of our most prominent lawyers, I spoke on the necessity of preparation for a future state of existence, telling him he had attended to all other important business. He received my remarks with respectful attention.

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**CHAPTER IX. 1853.**

*February 25, 1853.*—Arose early, and while meditating on my corrupt nature and the mercy of God, my heart was softened, and in the dust I wept for sin, and wrestled for pardon and sanctification. O, how my soul rejoiced in the Cross of Christ! I longed to be free from the dominion, as well as from the condemnation, of sin, not wishing, if that were possible, to live in sin, and go to heaven when I die.

*March 1 st.* —To-day had three seasons of sweet peace and communion with God. Read the narrative of Moses in the mount, his intercession for the people, and the wonderful manifestations to him. Some judicious divines suppose that when he went to the top of Pisgah his life was taken away by the overpowering manifestations of the glory of God. I adopt his prayer, "I beseech Thee, show me thy glory."

*March 2 d.* —To-day calm and peaceful, sometimes joyful, while reposing on the mercy and love of God. Why can I not learn to avoid all that estranges me from God? My experience is too much like the stern-lights of a ship, which give light behind and not before.

*March 5 th.* —Awoke at day-breaking, and before I 96 arose had sweet peace and communion with God. O, how I longed to love and serve Him as He is served and loved by angels in heaven! Arose before six, and while dressing, and during the morning, had renewal of the same sweet feast, desirous to lie in the dust with meekness and lowliness, and asking God to accomplish his own will in all that relates to me. O, the peace of God passeth all understanding!

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*March 7 th.* —Fast-day. Humbled myself before God for my numerous sins, and little progress in holiness. Freedom in praying for the conversion of my dear brother, and for deliverance from trials. “Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.” Habakkuk, ii. 3.

*March 10 th.* —Resolved to aim prayerfully and watchfully after the attainment of more meekness, lowliness, gentleness, and long-suffering under all injurious treatment and trials. “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” When God tries his children, it is because He sees there is a “need be” for it. I. Peter, i. 6.

*March 13 th.* —This morning my soul was melted and subdued while engaged in meditation and prayer.

*March 15 th.* —In my Christian life times of trial have been seasons of most joy in the Holy Ghost. When we cannot help ourselves, nor receive deliverance from the creature, what can we do but turn our eyes to God? They are the furnace in which the gold is tried and refined.

*March 18 th.* —Was called on this afternoon to lead in prayer. Usually I take the leading sentiment of 97 the chapter or hymn as the subject of prayer, thus cultivating variety and distinctness. This afternoon the hymn was,— “O, for a closer walk with God!”

The prayer was filled up from personal experience, with enlargement and tenderness. Took tea with the family of Mr. S., and had opportunity to speak earnestly, and at some length, on practical religion.

*March 19 th.* —Calm to-day, and reposing on God. Just before retiring to bed, paced the floor, and thanked Him for all my trials, praying for their sanctifying results by the influence of the Spirit, and for their removal. My soul rejoiced in the promises of a God “who keepeth the covenant.” I desire to be a “follower of them who through faith and patience inherit

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the promises.” Abraham waited on God, and had his reward when, “after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.” Heb. vi. 15.

“To each his sufferings; all are men, ‘Condemned alike to groan.’”

*March 31 st.* —During the last eleven days have been at a distance from God, feeling the power of, and contending against, and mourning over, a corrupt, unsubmitive nature. Before retiring to bed, humbled myself before God for my own sins, and pleaded earnestly for a revival in our Church.

*April 1 st.* —This day is kept as a fast by our Church, especially asking God to revive us. Was enabled, during the morning, on several occasions, to plead 9\* 98 98 earnestly with God for this blessing. In the afternoon attended prayer-meeting in the Lecture-Room, and was called on to lead in devotion. Had the Spirit of earnest and importunate supplication, asking God for a revival, pleading his promises and his dealings with his people in former times. It is very sweet to wrestle like Jacob, and to resolve, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”

*April 2 d.* —During the morning had one peaceful season of communion with God; and in the evening committed myself, with all my interests, to the care of my Father,—telling Him I would not, if I had the offer, choose my own lot, but would devolve it on Him. He is training me for heaven, and blessed be his name.

*April 5 th.* —Oppressed by trials. My only relief is found in prayer for sufficient grace. Thy will be done.

*April 7 th.* —I have a daily-increasing conviction that much intercourse with the world, beyond what is required by business and social relations, is inimical to spiritual growth. It leads to worldly conformity. The confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers is about twenty miles above Saint Louis. The waters of the two rivers thence flow side by side in the same bed without commixture—the one turbid, the other clear—until below

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Saint Louis, they mix together in one turbid stream. So, in the life of the Christian, worldly associations very soon change the pure waters of holiness into a turbid river.

*April 8 th.* —Had sweet delight in committing myself to the care of a merciful God,—thanking Him for the grace which enables me to submit in silence to reproach and condemnation; not opening my lips in my defense, when a few words would suffice for my vindication. “As a sheep before her shearers is dumb,” so Jesus Christ opened not his mouth when persecuted and condemned.

Led at the Friday afternoon prayer-meeting. With lowliness and abasement, and the fullness of the sweet peace of God, I poured forth my desires. My heart was so full, subdued, and tender that, with all my efforts, I could not conceal my emotions nor restrain my tears. O, how my soul longed for the purity, peace, and love of heaven!

*April 9 th.* —Tenderness in prayer this morning,—heart was filled with love.

*April 10 th (Sabbath).*—Arose at half-past five. I find early rising to be favorable to growth in grace if I faithfully employ the time employed with bathing and dressing in thinking of and seeking after God. Henry Martyn in his Journal says, “I rose late; and when this is the case I seldom begin or perform the duties of the day with satisfaction.” I think all Christian experience agrees with this testimony.

*April 11 th.* —Arose very early, and, before leaving my chamber, had sweet peace in communion with God. During the morning lost my temper under unexpected provocation. Confessed, repented, and humbled myself before God. I do not conceal my sins, as I wish in my Journal to record the states of my mind rather than the events of my life. The tempter is very busy with the Christian after seasons of spiritual enjoyment.

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I suppose one cause of the eminency of holiness attained by Paul to have been the continued action of his “thorn in the flesh.” We are not told what it was, nor that it was

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ever removed from him, although he “besought the Lord thrice that it might depart.” But he received what was better than its removal,—the promise of sufficient grace.

*April 18 th.* —For several days past, have been far from God. The rebellion of my corrupt nature presses me down to earth, and hides God and heaven from my soul. Can it be possible that such a poor, miserable sinner is a child of God? What would men think of me if the corruption of my heart was visible to mortal eyes? Yet God sees and knows it. Dr. John Mason said, “I would sooner perish than have my heart searched by angels, or by men.” Men can only judge of the purity of the heart by what is seen in life.

*April 24 th.* —During the past week was necessarily engaged by employments which occupied time and thoughts. As heretofore, such engrossing occupation has been attended by loss of spirituality. In the most busy scenes of life the thoughts and affections must be placed on God in meditation and prayer, or the spiritual life will not prosper. The warfare against corruption and the temptations of the world must be perpetual,—day by day, hour by hour.

*April 25 th.* —This morning sought earnestly after God. Had a short season of tenderness and brokenness of heart, and communed with Him. O, what is all this world to me without God?

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### **CHAPTER X. 1853.**

*May 1 st* (Sabbath).—Without comfort for some days, yet knowing my distance from God, and longing for a return to Him. Attended the monthly concert in the evening, and was invited to lead in prayer, and with tenderness and subdued voice pleaded with God for ourselves and for the heathen nations. Felt deadness to the world, and the insignificance of its pursuits and possessions, with an apprehension of the nearness and importance of eternal realities.

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*May 26 th.* —The last three weeks at the house of a friend in Somerset County. Dined with General H., in Princess Anne. Returned towards evening, and when walking on the lawn had a season of sweet communion with God.

*May 27 th.* —Arose at five, sought earnestly after God and found Him. Was humbled in the dust by a view of my vileness, yet rejoicing in the peace of God. Conducted family-worship, and felt I could not find a place sufficiently low before Him. After breakfast, walked to a retired spot, and my soul was filled with love while I wept and prayed. O, why does God give such manifestations of himself to a poor sinner? 102 Remained calm and peaceful through the day and evening.

*May 28 th.* —After I retired to bed last night, I shed tears while contemplating the goodness of God in calling me to repentance,—making me to long after holiness and heaven.

Arose early this morning and communed with God,—longing to go home and dwell with Him. I press on, and trust Him to enable me to keep the faith until I have finished my course.

*June 4 th.* —I leave Somerset to-day. Conducted family-worship with emotion and tears. During the past week my soul has rested in God with sweet peace and love.

*June 5 th.* —Returned to Baltimore yesterday afternoon. Disposed this Sabbath-day to repine at some of the dispensations of Providence. I long for more faith and submission. Led in prayer this evening at the Monthly Concert with much enlargement and intensity of emotion.

*June 9 th.* —Arose early, and before dressing knelt and poured out my whole soul before God,—rejoicing in his love, thankful for his mercies, and longing for holiness and heaven.

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*June 19 th.* —Came to Barboursville, Virginia, on the 15th instant. During the past week journeying and company have occupied my time, and I have had little spiritual life.

Anxiety and deep distress occasioned by circumstances connected with one I love as a child kept me awake last night. To-day sick and distressed by the 103 same cause. O, that I could feel in all things the confidence David expresses in II. Samuel, xv. 25, 26!

Towards evening went alone to the garden, and while engaged in reading hymns my heart was softened, and I knelt behind the grape-vines and poured out my whole soul before God, mourning for sin, imploring pardon and sanctification, and asking with strong cries and tears that the insulted and grieved Spirit would return. Then entered the house and read for some time. Returned to the garden, and walked, and knelt, and prayed,—wrestling with God in all the earnestness of agony while I asked for pardon, sanctification, and submission. The calmness of sweet submission was then diffused into my soul, while I rejoiced in the love and sovereignty of God.

While undressing for bed, knelt and humbled myself before God until nature was exhausted. Holy God! Thou art my portion. All the treasures of the world could not make me happy without Thee.

*June 25 th.* —Yesterday returned to Baltimore. Exceedingly distressed to-day by the deepest anxiety on account of circumstances connected with those I love, and was not able to trust in God and wait patiently for Him. My nervous system having been too much and too long excited, I became disposed to irritability of temper, and during the evening twice lost my self-control under most unexpected provocation. God be merciful!

*June 26 th.* —Communion Sabbath. The effects of yesterday's sins lay heavily on my soul this morning. More calm, but no communion with God,—indeed, 104 indisposed to prayer. While in Church, earnestly sought forgiveness as I humbled my soul before God



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and asked for the presence of the Holy Spirit. Then my heart was softened, and continued so during the services. While at the table, I rejoiced in and reposed on God.

*July 1 st.* Cape May.—Arrived here yesterday. Sweet communion with God to-day.

*July 3 d* (Sabbath).—This morning sought a retired spot in full view of the ocean, and in meditation and prayer had my soul elevated above the world. Resolved not to depend on frames, but to endeavor to advance daily in lowliness and submission,—striving against all sin. Urgently asked God to give me strength for the warfare, enabling me to *do* and *suffer* all his holy will.

*July 6 th.* —Have not been sufficiently watchful. Sin always causes God to hide himself from my soul. If I had sweet peace when defiled by sin, I would know I am not influenced by the Spirit of holiness.

*July 7 th.* —This evening my sins of thirty years since were brought to mind with great vividness. Long since I obtained forgiveness; but now, after so many years have passed, I renewedly humble myself in the dust before God.

A very interesting married woman, Mrs. N., of Philadelphia, was attracted by some remarks by me on religious subjects, and intimated a desire for conversation with me.

*July 8 th.* —Mrs. N. and myself had an interview this evening. We conversed for more than an hour. 105 For a year she has been a member of Church. The conversation was very earnest and practical. She was affected to tears. I endeavored to explain to her the true nature of spiritual religion.

*July 9 th.* —That I might show to Mrs. N. the views and experience of eminent saints, I read to her the account which President Edwards gives of his conversion and early Christian life, expressly stating that all Christian experience is not so elevated; but that

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God, in his sovereignty, gives the measure of his Spirit that pleases Him; and that high attainments are our privilege, and He will bless those who diligently seek Him.

*July 11 th.* —This morning my soul is filled with the sweet peace of God, and earnestly longing for entire submission to his holy will. Knelt in my chamber, and wrestled with Him for submission and sanctification. O, how my soul longed for God,—the living God! Told Him I desire to love and serve Him as He is served and loved by the angels in heaven. I could not abstain from flowing tears, and regard for my eyes compelled me to desist. There is no bodily infirmity in heaven.

Dined to-day with two hundred and fifty persons, and, not having had a friend near me with whom to hold conversation, my mind was occupied—as it had been through the morning—by meditation on religious subjects. Was filled with joy and peace, and dwelt on the words, “Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon?” O, why did God make me to differ from the thoughtless crowd by which I am surrounded?

*July 17 th (Sabbath).*—Returned home on the 15th inst. Am endeavoring to subdue my rebellious will, and to turn my attention to *progress*. Sweet words of Jesus Christ, “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” Matt. xi. 29.

*July 19 th.* —Still without much spiritual comfort, and I know it is sin which keeps me far from God. The purity of the Temple was preserved with the most scrupulous care. Is not the body of the Christian a spiritual temple? “For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.” I. Cor. iii. 17.

*July 23 d.* White Sulphur Springs.—Arrived here last night, thankful for protection from accident. Walked this morning to a retired spot, and had sweet peace in meditation and prayer. Asked God to renew the spiritual consolations of last year while at this place.

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During the rapid and fatiguing journey my mind was much employed in religious meditation and silent prayer, longing for more purity, and for daily advance in holiness.

*July 24 th* (Sabbath).—Sat alone last night in the reception-room, and thought sweetly of God. This morning in a tender and devout frame,—heart filled with love to God and man.

As there was to be no public religious services, my friends, Mrs. N—s and Mrs. G—m, of Baltimore, requested me to go to their cottage at eleven o'clock and conduct devotional exercises. Found 107 there five other Baltimore friends. Read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and then led in prayer. God gave me the influence of his Holy Spirit, and the fire which had been burning through the early morning was kindled into a more lively flame. My soul was humbled in the dust while it rejoiced in God. After prayer, read a portion of Owen "On Spiritual-Mindedness." After the services closed, remained and conversed on religious subjects with Mrs. N—s and her sister, Mrs. G—m, until near the dining hour. O, it is very sweet to be allowed to do something, however humble, for the glory of God!

In the evening sat alone in the parlor, and communed with God, rejoicing in his love and longing for holiness and heaven. Before retiring to bed, knelt and prayed until flowing tears compelled me to desist. Throughout the day, while engaged in prayer, could not repress this manifestation of emotion, my heart being filled with sweet peace and love. I thank God for the consolations of this sweet Sabbath. My soul longs for heaven. "When shall I come and appear before God?"

*July 26 th.* —Rejoicing in humiliation, peace, and love, with longing desires to go home to God. O, how sweet to love and serve Him! "One thing I do," striving daily for heaven.

*July 28 th.* —This morning exercised on horseback. My heart went out to God in holy meditation. As I was alone, I engaged in prayer as I rode along. My whole soul was filled with peace while I admired the condescension of God in visiting me. Passed laborers 108

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in the fields, and asked God to convert them and save them. When my soul is filled with love and peace, I most earnestly pray for others.

*July 29 th.* —Cold and dead this morning. At noon retired to my chamber and humbled myself before God. Heart was softened while I prayed for holiness. O, sweet thought, that in heaven there will be rest from sorrow and sin,—eternal rest with God!

*July 31 st* (Sabbath).—This evening sat alone on the piazza, engaged in contemplating the stars, and admiring the works of God, while my heart was filled with love. At ten went to the cottage of Mrs. N—s and Mrs. G—m. Before I left we joined in evening prayer. My heart was tender and devout, rejoicing in communion with God. After prayer, conversed with them for a half-hour on practical and experimental religion. Peace and joy are included by the Apostle in the enumeration of the fruit of the Spirit.

*August 9 th.* —Without comfort for several days. Exercised this morning on horseback, and while riding sought earnestly after God.

*August 13 th.* —For the last few days heart softened and subdued, humbling myself before God, while admiring his condescension and love. Sat by moonlight on the piazza, and communed with Him in contemplation and prayer.

During the day spoke on religious subjects to an old colored man, and was pleased to ascertain that he was waiting for salvation through Jesus Christ.

*August 14 th.* Sweet Springs.—Came here yesterday late in the evening. This morning, after breakfast, retired to my chamber, and humbled myself before God, yet rejoicing in communion with Him. O, it is very sweet to lie in the dust, and confess sin, and ask for pardon while rejoicing in the peace of God! My soul longed to behold his glory; but the fullness of that revelation is reserved for heaven. Paul, when converted, “could not see for the glory of that light.” Its full disclosure would have taken away not only his sight, but his life.

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Conversed this Sabbath evening with an educated man on religious subjects, dwelling on obligation and human depravity. He expects to be happy after death; but salvation through Jesus Christ is no part of his system. O, what a poor, blinded creature is man, unless he be taught by the Spirit!

*August 15 th.* —This morning failed to avail myself of a fair opportunity for religious conversation with a plain laboring man. Conscience reproved me, and at once I followed after him. Endeavored to open to him the necessity for the new birth, and of salvation through Jesus Christ, and our need at all times of the influence of the Holy Spirit. When I took leave of him he thanked me.

While I possess an abiding hope that I am a child of God, I would not be unmindful of the injunction of the Apostle, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear, having a good conscience." I know I must "be therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

*August 20 th.* —Heard of the sickness of my dear 10\* 110 brother at the Berkeley Springs, also of his having passed the crisis. Am too unwell to travel, but hope next week to go to him. In faith and prayer I commend him, soul and body, to God.

Rode a mile this morning in a wagon with a countryman whom I met on the road. Endeavored to convince him of the importance of giving attention *now* to the salvation of his soul.

Towards sunset had a short season of tenderness and comfort in prayer.

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## CHAPTER XI. 1853.

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*August 21, 1853.*—Bathed at five. Morning sharp and frosty. Sat by the fire after the bath, and spoke on religious subjects to the attendant who occupies the position of the consumptive bath-keeper who died since the last season.

During a walk after breakfast, met an ignorant cowherd, and spoke to him of salvation by Christ. Improved several opportunities during the day for similar conversation. It is my duty to sow the seed. God alone can give the increase.

More calm and submissive with regard to the sickness of my dear brother. During the morning, retired to my chamber, and asked God to spare and restore him; to bless this visitation to him and convert his soul. For *that* I long and daily pray. Am sufficiently recovered to leave to-morrow to go to him; but the stage-coach is filled.

*Evening.* —Very thankful to ascertain there will be a seat for me in the stage to-morrow.

*August 28 th.* Berkeley Springs.—Arrived on the 25th instant, and found my dear brother very ill with a relapse.

Am very sick to-day,—almost ill,—with great functional 112 derangement. Hard travel for four days and two nights when not in good health, without rest, with irregular meals and great anxiety, has been too much for me. I cannot say I am ill and remain in bed, as that would alarm my sick brother. Therefore I will daily attend on him, and trust in God.

During the past three days have had several short seasons of sweet communion with God,—longing for heaven, where the gratification of spiritual affection will be without interruption. All men expect to be happy hereafter; but the unholy would not be happy in heaven, where nothing is congenial to them.

*September 6 th.* —My health is improving, and William is so much better that I expect to take him to Baltimore to-morrow.

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Am very thankful for the spiritual conflicts and consolations of the past summer. Have been surrounded by gay and thoughtless crowds, and say of them, as John Knox said to some young women of the palace of Queen Mary, "O, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it could ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But, fie upon that knave, Death, that will come whether we will or not." Death is with me a subject of frequent and solemn contemplation; but I have nothing of the feeling which induced Kaunitz, the great minister of Maria Theresa, to instruct the person who read to him never to name the word death in his presence.

*September 20 th.* —Returned to Baltimore on the seventh instant. For two weeks my soul has not prospered. Oppressed this morning by consideration of my alienation from God, and asked for pardon and sanctification. Prayer and pains, said John Eliot, will accomplish anything.

*September 24 th.* —During the day was not sufficiently watchful in maintaining communion with God. I cannot grow in grace without self-denial, watchfulness, and prayer.

*September 25 th* (Sabbath).—Read portions of the "Life of Brainerd," and "Journal and Letters of H. Martyn." The Christian life of Brainerd commenced with vigor and grew daily. Martyn's began with the faint breathing of a puny infant; but his growth was rapid and vigorous. I always receive profit by reading the biographies of eminent Christians. I resolve with Martyn, "God helping me, I will be a holy man."

*September 26 th.* —Arose early and wrestled with God for pardon and holiness, telling Him if I must perish it shall be while trusting and rejoicing in the Cross of Jesus Christ. During the forenoon had another season, when, with intensity of emotion, I pleaded with God for pardon and sanctification.

With deepest humility and gratitude I thank God that the trials and struggles of the last three and a half years have resulted in progress in victory over irritability of temper

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and unsubmitiveness. The highest inculcation of heathen philosophy is, “ *Quid-quid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.* ” The Christian expects to “conquer trials by endurance” only when they are sanctified.

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Took tea with —, and, for more than an hour, had too much levity in conversation, and left empty and unhappy. “Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer.”

*September 28 th.* —Took tea with —, and with results similar to those of the twenty-sixth inst.; also disposed to self-complacency and pride. Returned home and humbled myself before God. Thomas à Kempis asks, “Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself?”

*September 30 th.* —Had freedom while leading in prayer at the Friday afternoon service.

*October 1 st.* —Severe headache, and disposed to be rebellious and fretful.

*October 4 th.* —Received a letter from a dear friend for whose conversion I have prayed daily for some time. She writes, “As your prayers have been given that I might become a follower of Christ, I am sure I may ask them for an increase whereby I may walk worthy of my high vocation.” Lord, give her sufficient grace.

*October 7 th.* —Led in prayer at the Friday afternoon service. Esther was asked, “What wilt thou, and what is thy request?” My request was that God would pour out his Spirit on our Church in a gracious revival. “Ah, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee.” Jer. xxii. 17.

*October 14 th.* —Led in prayer at the social meeting of the Church this afternoon. The hymn which preceded was 115 “Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,” and I enlarged on



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the sentiments of the hymn with great joy and deep emotion. It is sweet to lie in the dust and adore.

*October 23 d* (Sabbath).—During the past week had but little spiritual consolation, “the law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members.” Rom. vii. 23.

In a sermon, heard the conjecture advanced that much of the misery of lost spirits in hell consists in the action of the evil emotions which were indulged in this world. This has long been my opinion. An analogical argument, which, as I can recollect, I never received from any one, I conceive to be derived from the consideration that the devils in hell continue to be influenced by the same pride and hatred of holiness which led to their fall from “their first estate.” This may be, in part, the undying worm and the unquenchable fire.

*October 24 th.* —Earnestly wrestled with God for pardon and sanctification. Meditated on II. Cor. xii. 1–9. How soon the “thorn in the flesh” followed “the abundance of the revelations”! Perhaps “the messenger of Satan” was defective eyesight. In my own experience temptations have sometimes quickly succeeded seasons of spiritual enjoyments.

*October 28 th.* —Mourning because I am not more submissive to the will of God. Led in prayer this afternoon at our social meeting,—dwelling almost exclusively, and with deep emotion, on petitions for 116 submission to all dispensations, sanctification, and final rest in heaven.

*October 30 th* (Sabbath).—Returned from Church and sat alone in the dining-room, reading and asking God for purity, meekness, and submission. My soul was prostrated in the lowest dust, yet filled with the love of a present God,—humbled, yet joyful. O, how I rejoiced in thankful hope, that on earth I have commenced the love and worship which

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will be increasingly continued in heaven, world without end! Was silent during dinner; and while in the enjoyment of the same sweet peace, refrained with difficulty from tears.

*October 31 st.* —This afternoon attended a meeting of the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, convened to decide whether we shall erect a new building in a different section of the city. Made an off-hand speech in reply to an attack on some reasons I had advanced in advocacy of the removal. The speech excited attention and commendation; and praise caused me to lose humility and spiritual comfort.

“The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art, Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart. The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure; The modest shun it but to make it sure. O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells, Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells. 'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads; Harangues in Senates, squeaks in masquerades; Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes, Adorns our hearse, and flatten on our tombs.”

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*November 4 th.* — My birthday. At the age of fifty-six I am, intellectually and physically, in the full vigor of manhood. My hair has not become gray, nor is my “eye dim,” nor my “natural force abated.” Nevertheless, I am in the autumn of life.

This is a lovely day of an autumn of unusual brilliancy. All nature is clothed in a mantle of beauty; and the rich foliage of summer is passing away into the desolation and death of winter. So may the light of a better world reflect on the autumn of my life the mellowed tints of increased and increasing sanctification.

*November 8 th.* —Annoyed the past week by a disposition to self-exaltation from continued commendations of my speech. When a member of the Legislature, and of the City Council, I made better off-hand speeches; but *then* my soul was in a state of alienation from

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God, and I did not *feel* that praise, without prayerful consideration, is inimical to spiritual-mindedness.

*November 9 th, 10 th.* —Had short seasons of deep humiliation before God, and sweet peace in communion with Him. My soul resolves to aim after higher attainments in holy living. God watches over and guides his people now, without an audible voice or visible pillar of fire and cloud, just as really as He did when Moses sang, “The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.” Deut. xxxii. 9.

*November 12 th.* —While walking the streets, on my return from market, my soul was filled with longings II 118 after holiness. As I passed on, I continually repeated, Lord, make me holy. A short time before dinner, was bowed down and melted in adoring humiliation while I rejoiced in the love and peace of God; and was amazed at his thus permitting me to commune with Him.

*November 13 th (Sabbath).*—Dark and oppressed. Lord, I love and wish to serve Thee, and be holy. “Thou, Lord, knowest thy servant.”

I know that increase of knowledge and zeal, and even the fervors of devotion, without an abiding desire to know and obey God and submit to his will, do not indicate growth in grace. Retired to bed with longing desires for holiness,—constantly repeating, Lord, make me holy.

*November 14 th.* —Walked the streets this morning longing after holiness, and still repeating, Lord, make me holy.

Oppressed by trials yesterday and to-day. “Behold, here am I; let Him do to me as seemeth good to Him.” II. Sam. xv. 26. That is a sweet portion of Scripture. “For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.” Heb. x. 36.

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Walked by moonlight, admiring the beauty of the heavens, and feeling I was “curtained round by God.” Returned to my chamber, and poured out my whole soul before Him in adoration, love, and praise.

*November 15 th.* —After breakfast, retired to my chamber, and rejoiced in the Cross of Jesus Christ. O, how I gloried in that precious Cross, utterly disclaiming 119 any other “way” or “door” to heaven! My soul was absorbed by the blessed theme, while I admired and adored.

In the afternoon and evening under trial, and without comfort, yet hope I am, in some poor measure, “serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations.” Acts, xx. 19.

*November 16 th.* —I have often wished for more active service in life. As long as my dear, afflicted mother lived, my duty was to do all I could to make her comfortable and happy. A few weeks before her death, in March, 1832, other and not incompatible duties were, in the providence of God, devolved upon me, the performance of which required a change of residence, and involved a virtual abandonment of my profession. May I be allowed and enabled to serve Him in whatever position He may place me!

“ . . . . God doth not need Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest. They also serve who only stand and wait.”

*November 19 th –30 th.* —Continued to strive against the corruption of my nature. I thank God I am not disposed to cease from this never-ending warfare against sin. Disposed to rebel against some of the divine dispensations. For several past days more composed, and cultivating meekness and submission.

"It were a far more noble part to bear Our trials meekly; even as we know 120 The gentle birds will work and persevere When cruel hands have wrought the overthrow Of home and love. To labor and forget, Shows higher nature than to pine and fret."

Experience teaches me that the only security against sin is to "watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

*December 1 st.* —My temper is impulsive and inclined to irritability. I must aim to attain habitual self-government.

Rege animum, qui, nisi paret, Imperat.

Under the pressure of all my trials I desire to cultivate the spirit which connects God with all events, thus bending with lowly submission before divine sovereignty. In many dispensations I have wished that God had dealt otherwise with me, but I now rejoice in the fulfillment of the declaration that "all things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are called according to his purpose." Rom. viii. 28. Lord, is it presumption in me to believe that Thou hast called me?

*December 2 d–24 th.* —During this period "my soul had almost dwelt in silence." Psalm xciv. 17. Have had only a few short seasons of communion with God.

I record my sins and darkness as well as my light and spiritual consolations. The most truthful portrait of a man is that drawn by himself. He may suppress, excuse, color with ingenious logic in graceful style, yet, notwithstanding all his efforts, he will reveal more of his true character than could have been done by friend or enemy.

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*December 25 th.* —This is the Sabbath.

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"O day most calm, most bright, The fruit of this, the next world's bud, The week were dark but for thy light!"

While dressing this morning, felt the burden of my corrupt nature and alienation from God, and with lowly prostration sought pardon and acceptance. I do not know that I ever had a deeper and more abasing sense of my unworthiness. My soul longed for the return and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, yet finding it hard to believe that He will make a temple of my poor body.

Went down to the parlor before dinner, but, finding company there, I retired to the dining-room, that I might be alone. While engaged in reading, with occasional ejaculatory prayer, my whole soul was melted down in penitence and love, and filled with the sweet peace of God. I closed the book, and poured forth grateful acknowledgments, and humble confessions, in amazement at the condescension of God in thus enabling a poor sinner to commune with Him. Such was my self-abasement that I was not disposed, as on some former occasions, to self-complacency on account of these sweet manifestations of divine favor. God has discovered to me so much of my depraved nature, that now I have but little temptation to pride on account of spiritual gifts and manifestations. O, it is sweet to lie very low before Him!

*December 28 th.* —In the morning without comfort, and mourning over my great distance from God. At noon prostrated myself before Him in humiliation and 11\* 122 confession, when my soul was filled with penitence, peace, and admiration of his long-sufferance. God declares, "I will say to them, Thou art my people; and they shall say to me, Thou art my God." Hosea, ii. 23.

*December 31 st.* —This morning God revealed himself in peace and love, while with penitence and self-abasement I poured out the desires of my soul, filled with gratitude and surprise that He should condescend to visit me. O, precious love and death of Jesus Christ, who thus reconciles God to the helpless and condemned sinner! His blood could

wash away all the sins of six thousand years of human depravity, if all had been committed by one sinner. And it has long been with me a pleasant and familiar thought, that if all the virtuous dispositions and good deeds of all ages of the world could be concentrated in one man, he would not thereby be supplied with an answer to the question, "How should a man be just with God?" Job, ix. 2. My soul disclaims all desire for heaven, except through the blood and death of Jesus Christ.

This last day of another year tolls the knell of departing life. I often thank God for death. When my work is done, and I shall have accomplished, as a hireling, my day, i desire to go to God my Father in heaven my home,—the state of rest from sin, and the troubling of the wicked; of holy happiness; of manifestations of divine glory. I thank God for giving me increased determination never to rest from the contest with my corrupt nature, while I aim after progress 123 in holiness. "God helping me, I will be a holy man." I long to behold more of the glory of God, and to live in more constant communion with Him. The sailor and soldier, long absent from home, are rendered almost incompetent for duty by the first view of native hills and scenes. And such would be the condition of the Christian soldier if he had near and full views of his heavenly rest. How could he then attend to the duties of life? In wisdom God spreads a veil over the glories of heaven, and only allows us now to "see through a glass darkly." Paul "was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." II. Cor. xii. 4. And yet he declares, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I. Cor. ii. 9. In this world it will ever be "through a glass darkly" that I will obtain a view of heaven. Yet I have had hours of communion with God, which have given me more happiness than all the world has afforded. I thank God for a "branch with one cluster of grapes" from the "brook of Eshcol." "We came unto the land whither Thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it." Num. xiii. 27.

**CHAPTER XII. 1854.**

*January 1, 1854. Communion Sabbath.*—While dressing this morning, also while sitting alone in the breakfast-room, and again just before I went to the Church, my soul was melted by love and filled with peace. During the services my mind was sweetly composed,—not joyful. Led in prayer in the evening at the Monthly Concert, when God gave me “the spirit of grace and of supplications.” Zech. xii. 10. This has been a sweet Sabbath, and I enter on the new year with humble resolution to carry on a more determined warfare against my corrupt nature.

I commenced the last year with a purpose to pray daily that God would, that year, convert one I love more than any earthly object. On no day did I omit the petition; but God has not converted him. I bow before divine sovereignty, and begin this year with the same purpose. “O Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou wilt not hear!” Hab. i. 2.

*January 3 d.* —My soul is still decided to carry on a yet more determined warfare against sin. I look to God for strength. The beautifully-expressed lines of Parnell are often on my mind,— “Remote from man, with God he passed his days; Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.”

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Notwithstanding my very social disposition, I have a daily-increasing inclination to retire yet more from the world. I would not inculcate monastic habits, inasmuch as I believe that men who have lived most earnestly have also, by intellectual and spiritual development, lived most usefully. The spiritual soldier is trained by conflict. But it remains forever true, that eminence in spiritual life is best attained and nourished by him who, when not called to action, retires within, himself, in communion with God and his own soul.



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*January 4 th -10 th.* —Have had a deep sense of the corruption of my nature, humbling myself before God, and seeking meek submission to his holy will. The larger portion of these days in darkness and distress; yet sometimes sweetly rejoicing in God.

*January 11 th.* —This morning God filled me with a sense of deep abasement, and body and soul were prostrated in the dust before Him. Flowing tears compelled me to abstain, as thus my eyes are affected with recurrence of *conjunctivitis*. I wept last summer while anxiously hurrying on to my dear sick brother at Berkeley. Otherwise I do not recollect that I have wept for many years, except when humbling myself before God, or rejoicing in the peace which passeth understanding. My soul longs for heaven, where I “shall see his face” and “shall serve Him” without infirmity. “Put Thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?” Psalm lvi. 8. O, yes, my soul longs for heaven, where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the 126 former things are passed away.” Rev. xxi. 4. And, blessed be God, there the wicked shall trouble me no more.

*January 13 th.* —Arose with my soul subdued by love; at peace with God and man. Was submissive to the will of God, and willing to be trained for heaven in the manner that seems best to the Infinite Mind. Filled with humility, meekness, and peace, while, with tender affection and gentle voice, I held intercourse With man. At home, and when walking the streets, my soul was occupied with the contemplation of the Cross of the sweet friend of sinners; and I wished to prostrate myself in the lowest dust, while I admired and adored.

In the afternoon, led in prayer at our social meeting, and dwelt with joy and deep emotion on the condescending love of God, and the glories of the precious Cross.

*January 14 th.* —My soul continues to be filled with peace and love, rejoicing in the humble hope that I am going home to God. I often feel sick of sin; and yet I know I must “watch and pray” against my own corrupt nature, as well as against my sleepless adversary. “Now

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there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.” Job, i. 6.

*January 15 th* (Sabbath).—During the afternoon and evening of yesterday, and the earlier portion of this morning, dark and far from God, yet mourning my sins and his absence. Then the Holy Spirit came down, and filled my soul with sweet peace and deep abasement.

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*January 16 th.* —While walking the streets last evening, was delightfully attracted, as on several preceding evenings, by the brilliant appearance of Venus, the morning and evening star,—the Lucifer and Hesperus of the ancients. With its diameter of eight thousand miles, the same as that of the earth, and at a distance from us of so many millions of miles, there it sparkles like a diamond. It almost seemed to be an object that one could love. Its light only reveals to us its existence, and revolution around the sun. Shall we, in another state of being, know more of its character and inhabitants? Is an eye there gazing now on the diamond-like brilliancy of our planet? The mind is bewildered while it looks “—abroad through nature, to the range Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres Wheeling unshaken through the void immense.” Yet “In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing, as they shine, The hand that made us is divine.”

*January 17 th.* —I often feel abasement, loathing, and self-aborrence on account of the exceeding vileness of my nature. Thus it was with Israel, Ezek. xxxvi. 31. My “iniquities” and “abominations” also humble me before God. Yet I rejoice not to look on death, as Hobbes did, when he described it as “taking a leap in the dark,” even while loathing myself in my “own sight.”

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To-day had sweet peace while casting myself on God, and reposing, in simple confidence, on his delaration, “Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard

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for me?" Jer. xxxii. 27. Yet I find I must be aiming after daily progress, as I cannot remain stationary. With me, it is always forwards or backwards.

*January 22 d* (Sabbath);—On yesterday almost "pressed out of measure, above strength," by trials. Yet God mercifully sustained me, and I am very thankful that I experience, in some degree, what Paul said of the Corinthians, "Knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation." II. Cor. i. 7. I am resolved, God helping me, to attain a more meek and gentle submission to his will.

*January 23 d–31 st.* —God be praised for enabling me to maintain, in an unusual degree, meek and gentle submission to his most holy will. Jesus Christ was submissively meek and lowly, and "He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." I. John, ii. 6. It is most difficult to preserve a holy calmness, meekness, and benevolence of mind under all injurious conduct and misconception of others. But until I habitually maintain this state of mind, I cannot say, with Paul, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." I. Thess. ii. 10. I do not indulge self-complacency. I am very vile, and at all times indebted to the grace of God, "the Spirit which He hath given us." I. John, iii. 24.

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*February 3 d.* —Last night I joyfully commended myself to God, with a heart grateful for all comforts and trials. This morning my soul is sweetly submissive to his holy will. In his favored hours the Christian knows something of the happiness which Adam enjoyed in Paradise; and when the Holy Spirit has departed from him because he has sinned, he also knows something of the blackness of despair which Adam felt after his first transgression. This double experience partakes of the difference between heaven and hell.

In the afternoon led at the prayer-meeting, when my soul was subdued and enlarged while dwelling on the atonement of Jesus Christ. During the evening was calm while anticipating the holiness of the heavenly state.

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*February 5 th* (Sabbath).—Yesterday no light or comfort, without submission to the holy and sovereign will of God. Rose this morning lamenting my alienation, and longing for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. During the forenoon was melted down into submissive thankfulness, and willing that God shall do to me just as seems good to Him. How wonderfully He adapts my trials to the correction of my sinful dispositions!

While sitting in the parlor in the evening, the direction of the conversation afforded opportunity for me to dwell with earnestness on the influences of the Spirit, and on Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. "According to my earnest expectation and my Hope, 12 130 that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified." Phil. i. 20.

*February 6 th –28 th.* —This period has been passed in variable states of heart,—sometimes rejoicing in submission to and communion with God; yet mostly without religious affection. Yet I have been less annoyed by evil thoughts, and enabled to live more by faith,—endeavoring to "bring forth fruit with patience," Luke, viii. 15; and waiting for "that eternal Jerusalem the pilgrim people sigh after from their exodus even unto their return thither." "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Psalm lxxxiv. 7.

*March 1 st.* —Had a season of importunate wrestling with God for sanctification, humbling myself on account of my sinfulness, yet rejoicing in the hope of future glory. With every power of my soul I thanked God that I have been spared to return from long years of alienation. I am grateful that He has thus tried and restored me, and am undoubtingly assured that "He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." Lam. iii. 33. Compassionate Jesus! I go to Thee for rest when I "labor and am heavy laden;" and thank Thee for the fulfillment of thy blessed promise, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. xi. 29.

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*March 2 d.* —During most of the day disposed to rebellion. Towards evening humbled myself, and called importunately on God; and then was bowed 131 down in calm and sweet submission, while I reposed on the love and mercy of the great Self-Same.

Experience teaches me that submission to the will of God is most difficult,—perhaps the most rare and difficult of all Christian attainments. But experience also teaches me, that when the rod is kissed, it is found to be tipped with honey; and then the soul is quieted “as a child that is weaned of his mother.” Psalm cxxxi. 2.

*March 7th.* —This day thirty-six years ago, God, as I humbly trust and believe, converted my soul. If I have ever been “born again,” I believe it was on that day.

I have never supposed it essential to be able to indicate the successive convictions and illuminations, or the time and place of conversion. There is nothing in the Bible which makes essential any such particularity and clearness in the order of experience; and many most eminently holy men have not had such experiences. Indeed, there have always been instances where men have professed such particular and clear knowledge, who have not been eminent for holiness. Satan often assumes the form of an angel of light. What Paul expresses by the “manner of life” is the true test. Faith is proved by works; and without a holy life, experience is worse than valueless,—it is fatally delusive. No particular order of experience is prescribed by Paul, although his own conversion was so clearly defined; and any man who insists on the necessity of such particular account, is contradicted by the experience of some of the best 132 and holiest of God's people. It is not the usual method by which the Holy Spirit effects the work of conversion; and the Scriptures give no sanction to any such test. On this subject, the essence of its teachings is embraced in “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” John, ix. 25.

*March 16 th.* —Memory often recalls past sins,—particularly sins since conversion. I am still deeply ashamed of offenses for which God has long since been “pacified towards me,”—thus fulfilling the declaration of the prophet, “That thou mayest remember, and

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be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.” Ezek. xvi. 63.

*March 17 th.* —Twenty-two years ago this day, my sweet and sainted mother “fell asleep.”

“. . . Though'tis an awful thing to die, 'Twas e'en to thee; yet the dread path once trod,  
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high, And bids the pure in heart behold their God.”

Blessed be God for the consoling promise, “If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” I. Thess. iv. 14.

Thomas Gray, writing to a friend whose mother had been ill, says, “I have discovered a thing very little known, which is that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you call a trite 133 observation. I was at the same age very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this—with full evidence and conviction, I mean—till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.”

Throughout this day I have been thinking of my dear mother,—so meek, so submissive under trials, so gentle, so loving, so noble in all that elevates moral character; devoted to her children as Monica to her son. The grievous afflictions of many of the last years of her life—during twenty-five years chronic rheumatism rendered her unable to walk; or, unaided, to turn in or arise from her bed—placed her on my filial protection; thus almost reversing the relation of parent and child. Dear and sainted mother! my heart now swells with emotion while memory calls thee back to life.\*

*March 25 th.* —I find in the daily papers this definition by Dr. A. Alexander. A student asked him, What is virtue? He replied, Virtue consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience, and revelation. 12\*

\* I have often felt thankful that circumstances in my life have developed and nourished the tender charities, even without matrimonial association. In addition to the care of my mother, my association with my brother has been most peculiar and intimate. From boyhood up to this hour we have never exchanged one angry word. And Elizabeth—daughter of my uncle, Stephen Collins—has lived with us since her fourteenth year. My care and affection for her have been almost paternal in their character.

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*March 28 th.* —Have been reading in Pilgrim's Progress,—the most remarkable delineation of Christian character and experience to be found in any book, except the Bible. I could never understand how Bunyan was able to draw such a delineation, embracing almost every variety of trial and temptation, until I read the account of his own experience in his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners."

My attention has often been arrested by what eminent men have said of the "immortal dreamer," and of this most universally popular fiction ever written. John Owen often went to hear him preach, and was asked by Charles II., "How can a man so learned go to hear a tinker prate?" Owen replied, "Could I possess the tinker's abilities for preaching, I would willingly relinquish all my learning." Lord Campbell says of the Pilgrim's Progress, "It has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church." Macaulay asserts, that during the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two great creative minds. One of them produced Paradise Lost, and the other the Pilgrim's Progress. Dr. Franklin, in his Autobiography, supposes that the Pilgrim's Progress has been more generally read than any other book except the Bible, and says, "Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue. De Foe has imitated him successfully in his Robinson Crusoe, and in other pieces; and Richardson has done the same in his Pamela." Demosthenes, 135 the orator, and Shakspeare, the dramatist, do not more decidedly occupy the highest station in their departments than Bunyan does in allegory.

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The absence of imagination in the mental character of Hume, and the cultivation of his critical taste after the model of the French school, made him incompetent to appreciate the writings and genius of Bunyan, which were so highly esteemed by Dr. Johnson,—a far more competent judge than the historian.

*April 1 st.* —I thank God that by dispensations, however severe they may be, He is daily teaching me submission to his will. My endeavor is to advance in divine and human knowledge; and what is philosophy but the knowledge of things human and divine, joined with the endeavor to live rightly? Infidelity suggests, that because God does not answer and deliver when we have “wearied Him with our words,” therefore “He delighteth in them that do evil;” and asks, “Where is the God of judgment?” Malachi, ii. 17. I adopt a favorite petition of Augustine, “Give me what Thou enjoinest, and enjoin what Thou wilt.”

*April 5 th.* —Paul frequently and prominently connects “humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering,” with other Christian graces. I have aimed after these for four years, and am thankful for progress. Nor am I so much annoyed as formerly by pride, on account of spiritual gifts and attainments, usually and strangely miscalled spiritual pride. The further I “press on” the greater is self-abasement, and conviction of impurity,—of indebtedness to the grace of God.

Am disposed to give too little attention to sins of omission. “These ought ye to have done.” The last words Archbishop Usher spoke were, Lord, forgive all my sins, especially my sins of omission.

*April 10 th.* —For some days have trusted in God without other sensible manifestations of divine love. My mind has been dwelling on death. While I am habitually “Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ,” Titus, ii. 15, I endeavor to avoid being of the number of “them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.” Heb. ii. 15. There is something



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inexpressibly solemn in the contemplation of an entrance on that untrod state of being, and the appearance of such a poor sinner before an infinitely holy God for final judgment.

“In vain my fancy strives to paint The moment after death.”

*April 11 th.* —Met an aged friend on the street bowed down by fourscore-and-two years. While contrasting his appearance with his former tall, erect, and manly figure, I was impressed by, “And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.” Psalm xc. 10. In a few remarks I presented to him Jesus Christ.

*April 12 th.* —Had this morning a short season of sweet communion with God. I have a growing apprehension of the comparative insignificance of present scenes, pursuits, and enjoyments; and my mind reaches beyond the prospect of time to more enduring objects of desire.

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I have more than once recorded in this Journal, that for the last four years I have been increasingly taught to see and acknowledge the ruling hand of God in all events. It is fifty years to-day since my father died, leaving a widow and six young children. Two sons and a daughter died—June 26th, 28th, 30th—in 1805, and a son in 1811, leaving as survivors William and myself. “We were orphans and fatherless, and our mother a widow,” Lam. v. 3; yet God never failed to fulfill his promise, “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.” Jer. xlix. 11. My soul now bows down before God in lowly adoration and thankfulness for the manner by which He “has led me forty years in the wilderness.” Deut. xxix. 5. Let Him prepare me for heaven in his own way, and ever blessed be his name.

It is to myself and the above-mentioned daughter—the youngest child—I refer in my volume of “Miscellanies,” in the following passage from the article on “Charles Lamb,” page 53:

"I know a man to whom these scenes of fraternal affection (Lamb to his sister) recall former days, when he indulged ardent wishes that he had had a sister, whom he might have cherished, and guided, and loved. He once had a sister, a few years his junior, himself too young when she died to recollect her. He has heard her little prattle and ways described, giving early promise of ardent feeling and woman's nature. When two years old she was most interesting and lovely. And then this sweet little flower, which 138 had just begun to expand her leaves, fragrant with drops of morning dew, to the first rays of the morning sun, sweetly and gently laid her head on its natural resting-place—a mother's bosom—and looked, and smiled, and died. Died? Life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel. She was only transplanted from this scene of sorrows and storms to a more genial clime, where she will flourish in immortal bloom; and her brother adopts the words of David when told his child was dead, I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

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### **CHAPTER XIII. 1854.**

*April 15 th.* —I am often painfully impressed by the amount of conversation which, by so many, is devoted to remarks on other persons—most unprofitably and sinfully. I have endeavored, more particularly for the last four years, to act by the rule, that if I have nothing to say in commendation, never, where it can be avoided, to mention the name. Evil-speaking is most emphatically condemned by Christian morality, and its indulgence causes death to spirituality of mind. Let a man attend to his personal character, and he will become more indulgent to the infirmities of other people. It is "the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another."

*April 20 th.* —On the 16th and 17th inst. it snowed fast and incessantly for thirty-six hours, a continuous northeast rain having prevailed during the two preceding days and nights. The weather was cold, and the storm very severe on the coast for three or four days, producing great distress. One so violent at Cape May has not occurred during twenty

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years. On the night of the 15th the ship Powhattan, from Havre to New York, with German emigrants, was wrecked on Long Beach, New Jersey, and every person on board—passengers and crew numbering three hundred and forty—was lost. The loss of life at sea 140 during the last four months exceeds the usual average for a year.

*April 21 st.* —Was called on to lead in devotion at the prayer-meeting this afternoon, and had enlargement, with sweet peace.

*April 22 d.* —Met General — on the street. He has recently been very ill, “nigh unto death.” With tenderness and earnestness I urged the importance of beginning *now, to-day*, to prepare for the hour which cannot be long deferred. He thanked me most cordially for my monitory counsel. With the exercise of due discretion, I have never found that offense is given when such interests are gently and kindly pressed on the attention.

In the evening was solemn and earnest in prayer, and retired to bed with the impression Sir Thomas Browne so beautifully expresses, “Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him that I dare not trust him without my prayers.”

*April 23 d.* —Thankful that I am allowed to see another Sabbath, with all its holy associations and suggestions. Memory recalls scenes of early life when my sweet mother taught me to observe with strictness this holy day. The impressions there made have not been effaced. God was very merciful in the provision of such a guide and instructor for my early years.

“My mother! manhood's anxious brow And sterner cares have long been mine; Yet turn I to thee fondly now, As when upon thy bosom's shrine My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest, And thy low-whispered prayers my slumber blessed.”

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Rose early this morning, and through the day was not without some manifestations of God's love. I do not indulge in late hours on Sabbath mornings, a result of my early

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religious education. If the service of God is to be preferred above all earthly business, it is surely sinful to yield to slothful indulgence on the morning of his holy day.

*April 30 th.* —Read the Memoir of Samuel J. Mills, a very remarkable man. His conversion shows the power of divine grace, and the efficacy of perseverance in prayer by a pious mother, who was sustained by faith and love. How rapturous was the hour when, in November, 1801, he retired into the woods, and, overwhelmed by divine manifestations, continued to exclaim, “O glorious sovereignty! O glorious sovereignty!” He died in the thirty-sixth year of his age; and yet, by great concentration of purpose, combined with the most unobtrusive energy in execution, in this short term of life he left an indelible mark on the age in which he lived, not only in his own country, but over the world, and thus accomplished what, as he declared in a letter to a friend, his views of duty constrained him to attempt.

*May 2 d.* —Left Baltimore this morning, and arrived at Princess Anne in the afternoon. Was very calm and solemn during the day, and my mind dwelt with delight on the lines,—

“There where my blessed Jesus reigns, In heaven's unmeasured space, I'll spend a long eternity In pleasure and in praise.” 13

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I find increasing interest in the contemplation of the life and death of Jesus Christ, and rejoice in the expectation of eternally beholding his unspeakable glory.

*May 5 th.* —Walked alone this morning, when God gave me peace in contemplation and prayer. Was particularly occupied by views of the eternal duration of the blessedness of heaven; and felt that heaven would lose its attraction if its possession would end after its enjoyment for countless millions of ages. While with humility and deep gratitude, I thanked God for his innumerable mercies, especially for the blessing of having Him for my portion,

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now and forever, my heart was subdued and melted by lover and I could not restrain flowing tears. O blessed God! there is nothing on earth I desire but Thee!

*May 6 th.* —Since I have been here in the country, my spirit has been very calm, seeing more of the beauty of holiness, and communing with God while delighting in freshness of foliage, and other vernal beauties. Have been very peaceful, day by day, when leading in family devotion.

I thank God for increasing desire to live more soberly, righteously, and godly, with uncompromising warfare against all corruption. Holiness seems to be desirable, and sin hateful.

*May 12 th.* —Have passed a day and two nights in Salisbury with my very dear friends and relatives, Mrs. I. and Mrs. S., in the enjoyment of sweet Christian fellowship. Mind very solemn and not without tenderness, especially when conducting family-worship. 143 While performing that service this morning, restrained my emotions with effort, while pouring out my soul before God in expressions of gratitude, love, and praise. After breakfast parted from them, receiving the warmest manifestations of affectionate regard.

*May 20 th.* —Passed yesterday afternoon and night in Princess Anne, with General and Mrs. H., in the enjoyment of their kindest hospitality. The Misses J—n came in after tea. Before they left I was invited to conduct family-worship. Had freedom in the service—also this morning, with tenderness.

I returned to Baltimore to-day. The eighteen days passed in Somerset have been among the most calmly peaceful of my life, not annoyed by corruption, submissive to the will of God, gentle and forbearing in my intercourse with others, dead to the world, desirous to do good by example and conversation, and thankful for God's blessings.

*May 26 th.* —A very remarkable annular eclipse of the sun this afternoon; lasting rather over two hours, and covering, at the greatest obscuration, about ten digits of the disk.

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The pale, whitened light, with the clear atmosphere and fresh foliage, gave a poetical softness to the aspect of all objects of vision. Such phenomena give elevated views of the Power which governs; and of the intellect of man, which, notwithstanding all disturbing influences and irregularities of motion in the bodies, can make such accurate calculations and predictions of eclipses.

Our meeting for social prayer was held during the eclipse. Was called on to pray, and the leading 144 thoughts were suggested by the existing appearance of nature. Was very free in conception and utterance; but, while the prayer was solemn, it was more intellectual than devotional. Experience teaches me that intellectual prayers have a tendency to nourish pride; while an humble, devout prayer leaves the performer in joyful abasement.

*June 6 th.* —Am daily occupied by the consideration, “Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest,” Micah, ii. 10; accompanied by an effort to be more detached in affection from earthly enjoyments. It was a principle with Socrates to contract his wants as much as possible; in conformity to his maxim, that to want nothing belonged only to the gods, and therefore to want as little as possible was the nearest approach to the divine nature. He was the greatest and most original of all Grecian philosophers; and his wisdom approached nearest to the morality of the Gospel. Yet his last words were, “Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge the debt, and by no means omit it,” in allusion to the sacrifice usually offered on recovery from sickness. Was Socrates a believer in Grecian mythology? I think not, although “the world by wisdom knew not God.” I. Cor. i. 21.

*June 9 th.* —While engaged in secret prayer, was filled with astonishment and gratitude by the contemplation of God's love and mercy to such a poor sinner. I could not understand why. He ever called me to repentance, and my whole soul earnestly desired to find some place where I might fall down in more lowly prostration and abasement before Him. My 145 obligations are increased by the consideration that a convinced sinner could as soon sweep the clouds from the sky, or the mountains from the earth, as deliver himself from the power of death in trespasses and sins. The name Jesus “is the name which

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we engrave in our hearts, and write upon our foreheads, and pronounce with our most harmonious accents, and rest our faith upon, and place our hopes in, and love with the overflowings of charity, joy, and adoration.”

*June 13 th.* —With deep emotion this morning confessed to God that I do not desire wealth, honor, and sensual pleasure, but himself as my portion. For some weeks time and eternity have been before my mind, the transient character of the first, the awful import of the other. I do not recollect that I ever had so abiding a sense of the vanity of earth. God has trained me to this by tribulation. The Roman *tribulæ* separated corn from husks. Its English, tribulation, does not now, as originally, mean this act of separation, but the sorrows, distresses, adversities, by which the separation is effected. I thank God for any process by which He may be pleased to separate, in my character, the chaff from the wheat. Pliny says, “I have always observed that we are better men when we are sick than when we are well.” The same is true of all tribulations, at least with God's people. Even the heathen have a proverb, “Whom affliction will not soften, the gods abandon as desperate.”

*June 15 th.* —Rose early, and my soul was filled with the sweet love of God, accompanied by earnest longings 3\* 146 to behold his glory, while rejoicing in salvation by Jesus Christ.

It is indeed true that godliness is profitable unto all things, bestowing the highest happiness even in this world. Aristotle often viewed virtue as the means of attaining happiness; but Plato habitually, and more correctly, considered happiness as the natural fruit of virtue.

*June 16 th.* —Mind still dwelling on death, time, and eternity. I do not see that we can conceive, or take account of time, except as it exists in the human mind. It has no relation to eternity, which is not an extension of time. Augustine considered time as a creature of God, only an incident in eternity, which once was not, as it shall also cease to be. Whatever it may be, its use is apparent. I do not know “my appointed time,” but I will endeavor to serve God, and “wait till my change come.” Job, xiv. 14.

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*June 18 th* (Communion Sabbath).—For some days had entertained anticipations of a pleasant season. An unexpected accumulation of distracting, and partly of annoying circumstances, which I could neither avoid nor mitigate, was laid on me yesterday afternoon and this morning, interfering with the calm and devout spirit I had desired to attain.

While seated in Church, and feeling my heart to be cold and hard, I earnestly and unceasingly called on God for help, pleading that He would send the Holy Spirit to enable me to behold Christ crucified. Dr. B. read the words of institution from I. Cor. xi.; and as he pronounced, "Take, eat; this is my body which 147 is broken for you," my heart was softened, and I continued through the remaining services to repose trustingly and joyfully on the Cross of Jesus Christ, looking forward to the "rest that remaineth," and resolving to press on to higher attainments in holy living. In truth, I am sick of sin, and long to love and serve God as the angels do in heaven.

*July 10 th.* —Two weeks since came to Cape May. Have not had while here the same almost daily sweet and joyful communion with God as during former visits; yet my heart has been earnestly engaged in attempting to make progress in the divine life, and in endeavors to glorify God by example and conversation. Frames are pleasant; but the Christian has something to *do and suffer* in this world of trial, as well as something of enjoyment. Have not been much assailed by the impure suggestions of my very corrupt nature; and look with pitying wonder on the thoughtless crowds that surround me. What will they do when God calls them to judgment? My soul is daily filled with gratitude, that I have a better portion than this world can give.

Attendance on the social prayer-meeting in the Presbyterian Church, at nine o'clock every morning, has been exceedingly pleasant. The time occupied does not exceed a half-hour. With caution and hourly watchfulness, retirement, and prayer, attended by God's blessing, Christians may grow in grace amid such scenes as are daily passing here.



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*July 29 th.* —Returned to Baltimore on the 13th instant; and on the 17th commenced the journey to 148 the White Sulphur Springs,—arriving on the 20th, after a very pleasant travel. During the nine days which have passed since I came here, my feelings have been solemn, and my heart dead to the conversation and amusements which prevail around me. Although most of my time has been passed in retirement, have not had much spiritual consolation,—not having been sufficiently constant and importunate in prayer. Two days since my dear brother arrived.

Early this morning engaged earnestly in seeking after God. Sought a shady and retired walk on the mountain for meditation and prayer. While thus occupied, my heart was softened, and my thirsty soul panted after God,—telling Him I desired no portion but himself; and felt and confessed that all the world can give would fail to make me happy. My whole soul longed for purity, and entire submission to his will, while I resigned all temporal interests to his disposal who is wise and merciful. O, it is inexpressibly sweet to commune with God! Am thankful that, increasingly, I am sick of sin,—at once an evidence and definition of repentance.

*July 30 th (Sabbath).*—Before I arose, my mind and heart were filled with the sweet and peaceful contemplation of God,—rejoicing in his love, and longing for holiness, while pouring out my whole soul in prayer and praise. During the morning had a conversation with Col. M., in which I told him that although he is amiable, benevolent, and eminently prosperous in worldly circumstances and associations, 149 he would, never know true happiness until he found it in the new birth and communion with God. Why will men attend to every business and seek after every pleasure except the great business and happiness of life,—reconciliation with God? They are in darkness, and will not consider and understand. It is true now as it was when “Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days,—even darkness which may be felt; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.”

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*August 1 st.* —Yesterday was cold and barren. While dressing this morning had a season of sweet peace, which soon departed. Remained insensible until midday, when I went for prayer and meditation to the same retired spot on the mountain. The Holy Spirit was pleased to visit me,—filling me with penitence and admiration of the condescending love of God, while I told Him that his love and pardon had blessed an impure Mary Magdalene, and a proud and persecuting Paul, and could bless and sanctify such a miserable sinner as myself. My whole soul rejoiced and gloried in the Cross of Jesus Christ,—telling Him if I must perish, I would perish while in lowly prostration there. Flowing tears compelled me to abstain from further devotion.

*August 2 d.* —After breakfast retired to the mountain, and had a renewal of the sweet comforts of yesterday. Late in the afternoon rode out alone. My mind was filled with the contemplation of God, and I poured out my soul in expressions of gratitude 150 and love. After my return had a pleasant Christian conversation with Dr. A., Bishop of North Carolina.

*August 3 d.* —My heart is cold and dead,—hard as the nether millstone.

*August 4 th.* —Tender and solemn to-day, without much spiritual manifestation. Read with emotion the intercessory prayer in John, xvii., and dwelt with pleasure and gratitude on v. 24.

*August 30 th.* —Have passed six weeks at this place, and leave to-morrow for the Berkeley Springs. My spiritual enjoyments have not been as high as they were during the last two summers while here; but my soul has reposed by faith on God, while I have been deeply thankful that He has not left me to seek my portion in this world. I often look at the thoughtless worldlings by whom I am surrounded here, and ask, What will they do when God calls them to judgment?

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*September 9 th.* —Arrived five days ago at the Berkeley Springs,—very much worn down by travel, dust, crowded coaches, and excessive heat; and suffering from the effects of limestone-water.

*September 14 th.* —Have had during the day several seasons of sweet communion with God. O, how my soul longs to “behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ”!

*September 15 th.* —The past summer has been a season of excessive and protracted heat and drought, heretofore unknown in this country for intensity and duration. And the first twelve days of this month were as oppressively hot as any others during the 151 summer. Within a few days copious rains have fallen over the country generally, rejoicing all animate and inanimate nature.

“The dusty earth, with lips apart, Looked up where rolled an orb of flame, As though a prayer came from its heart For rain to come; and lo it came. The drooping corn with silken plume, And flowers with tiny pitchers filled, Send up their praise of sweet perfume For precious drops the clouds distilled.”

*September 16 th.* —My soul still rejoices in the sweet peace of God; and I repose on his love and promises,—committing all my interests to Him. That was a beautiful and touching expression of the child who, giving an account of his wanderings in the woods, said, “I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep.” Not less laughingly beautiful was the address of a little girl to her dead companion when she placed flowers on her bosom and said, “Give my love to God.”

*September 21 st.* —Returned to Baltimore on yesterday after my customary summer excursions; and desire to be deeply grateful to God for the exceeding kindness of his overflowing mercies. Have had during the summer some seasons of penitence and comfort; yet often cold, barren, and unfruitful. I adopt the lamentation of Jeremiah, “For

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these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me," Lam. i. 16.

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*September 30 th.* —Since my return have been greatly oppressed by cares and anxieties. Instead of humbling myself before God, have been disposed to proud and defiant rebellion,—taking little pleasure in calling on Him who is ever near. Forgive me, O Thou who hast said, "Am I a God at hand, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill heaven and earth?" Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

"I own my guilt, my sins confess; Can men or devils make them more?"

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### **CHAPTER XIV. 1854.**

*October 1 st* (Communion Sabbath.)—Had not been diligently engaged in preparation by retirement, self-examination, reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. Was cold and dead before I went to Church, yet confessing my sin. While at the table my mind was peacefully calm, not joyful, as I contemplated the Cross of Christ.

In the evening led in prayer at the Monthly Concert, and in meek and lowly prostration, my soul poured out, in subdued tones, its joy in salvation by Jesus Christ. O, the Cross! the Cross!

*October 4 th.* —For the last three days my soul has reposed peacefully and joyfully on God.

In the afternoon my attention was arrested by the appearance of a rainbow unusually high above the horizon; and I dwelt on the covenant between God and the earth, and this as "the token of the covenant." Gen. ix. 9–17. The rainbow has hence been called "The autograph of God."

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"The modest grass is fresh and green, The brooklet swells its song again; Methinks an Angel wing is seen In every cloud that brings us rain. 14 154 "There is a rainbow in the sky, Upon the arch where tempest trod; God wrote it ere the world was dry; It is the autograph of God."

As the land, before the flood, was watered by dews (Gen. ii. 6), the rainbow seen by Noah and his sons was the first that had ever appeared to man; and thus had peculiar significance as "the token of the covenant."

*October 10 th.* —Am convinced I would attain, and habitually maintain more spirituality of mind, by greater diligence in reading the Scriptures, and prayer. I look to God for grace to be more faithful.

*October 11 th.* —Why does Bryant describe autumnal days as the "saddest of the year"? Day after day the sun shines with unclouded brilliance, and at night the "moon, walking in brightness," appears with queenly loveliness. The eye and imagination vainly endeavor to penetrate the unfathomed abysses which conceal

"Glory beyond all glory ever seen By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul."

Some persons profess to desire annihilation at death. I rejoice that *non omnis moriar*; and that the now-imprisoned spirit may hereafter comprehend what human science will never explore.

*October 12 th.* —Am becoming daily more thankful for "temptation" or trial. The temptation from Satan differs from temptation (trial) from God. The one, as that of Christ in the desert, is enticement to sin; the other, as that of Abraham on a mountain of Moriah, is trial of faith.

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*October 16 th.* —Experience gives me constantly-increasing conviction of the necessity of daily, hourly struggle against corrupt nature, in deeds, words, thoughts, emotions. I am

also thus taught that, to maintain spirituality, conscience must be regarded in her gentlest monitions; at the same time carefully guarding against superstition, which is the slavery of mind and the religion of ignorance,—one pernicious extreme, of which unbelief is the other. Socrates called conscience his tutelary genius, his familiar spirit; just as Luthur personified his internal and external conflicts by styling them “the devil with horns, and tail and claws.” This is not unusual with energetic, pregnant, progressive natures.

*October 22 d.* —Before attendance at Church paced the floor of my chamber and communed with God, rejoicing on salvation by the Cross, humbled under a sense of sin, and admiring his condescension in thus visiting my guilty soul. Blessed God! by thy grace I will press on, and still press on, until I go home to Thee.

*October 27 th.* —This morning, and during the mornings of the two preceding days, had short seasons of sweet and peaceful outpouring of an humble and contrite heart. Why is it not always thus with me? O, this daily conflict with my corrupt nature! By the grace of God I Will never yield in this great contest,—no, never, never. “My grace is sufficient for thee.” We have knowledge of only two orders of created intelligent beings, angels and men, and both sinned and fell; the first in part, the other altogether corrupt in consequence of that first sin.

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*October 29 th* (Sabbath).—Yesterday, and the latter part of the preceding day, was cold, rebellious, and irritable.

Before I arose this morning, earnestly called on God for deliverance while mourning over my alienation from Him. After breakfast my soul was sweetly subdued while giving expression to its longing desires for holiness, and its joyful acceptance of salvation by Jesus Christ. During some portions of the day my mind was engaged in the fruitless attempt to fathom the nature of spiritual existence, and the eternal self-existence of the Infinite Unknown, the Great Invisible; but faith soon reposed in the contemplation of what

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He has been Pleased to reveal. Why should my mind dwell on mysteries which will never be fathomed by men or angels? God alone is great, "and his ways past finding out." Rom. xi. 33.

*November 1 st.* —"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." James, i. 2, 3.

"Of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." II. Cor. xii. 5, 9.

Have occasionally had, for some weeks past, great delight, even joy, in the consideration of this mighty contest with trial, corruption, and all my spiritual enemies. Such a degree of this emotion has heretofore been unknown in my experience. I disclaim all self-confidence, trusting in Him who has said, "My 157 strength is made perfect in weakness." Am thankful that I can bear "temptations" (trials), and in any degree, "count it all joy;" and pray God to enable me to "let patience have her perfect work, that I may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." I adopt the prayer of the prophet: "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing." Jer. x. 24.

*November 4 th.* —My birthday. Desire to be thankful for health of body, with the fullest possession of my intellectual vigor. Indeed, it seems to me that, at the age of fifty-seven, my mind is more vigorous than it was at middle life. This is not always the case. By way of illustration, not of comparison, I may remark that Burns and Byron had passed the period of greatest intellectual development when they died about thirty-five years old. But Cicero, Milton, Dryden, Burke, and Dugald Stewart possessed their highest power in the evening of life. That is, the promise of mature life was more than realized by subsequent fruits.

I habitually connect the Providence of God with all events, personal and general. It is the privilege of the Christian to receive the light from Him which is not as soon seen by

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unrenewed men. So the sun illumines the bill before his rays reach the level plain and the sunken valley.

*November 6 th.* —Week after week passes away, and yet autumn is with us in all the beauty of cloudless skies by day, while at night the stars appear like “holes which let the glory through.” And we have 14\* 158 bracing air, and autumnal foliage with its gorgeous livery of golden hues.

“O Autumn! why so soon Depart the hues that make the forest glad, Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon, And leave thee wild and sad?”

Nothing can be more delightful than this autumnal mildness, this gentle sunshine, this calmness and repose.

*November 12 th* (Sabbath).—During the past week have had no enjoyment of communion with God. This morning He was pleased to give me sweet peace in prayer, while I dwelt on salvation by Jesus Christ. In all ages of the world, unrenewed men have asked with Naaman, “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean?” II. Kings, v. 12. I desire to know Jesus Christ in “the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings.” Phil. iii. 10.

*November 14 th.* —Was asked if I believe in decrees. During the earnest argument which ensued I gave unintentional offense. The Scriptures teach the doctrine in many passages equally unequivocal as, “And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.” Acts, xiii. 48. Yet consciousness assures man that he is a free agent. The dishonest servant, when convicted of theft, said to the Stoic philosopher, “It was fated for me to steal.” “And to be flogged for it too,” the sage replied. The Bible says there is a *needs be* that offenses come, but also denounces a woe against 159 him by whom the offense cometh, thus uniting free agency with decrees. The business of man is with the first; the other is a secret thing which belongs to God.



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*November 19 th.* —Day after day passes by, and still I have little or no enjoyment of communion with God. I mourn over my sad condition. Is not sorrow for the withdrawal of a father's smiles an evidence of filial love?

In conversation with one, for the soundness of whose opinions in relation to the pardon of sin I feel the deepest anxiety, I took occasion to dwell on the incorrect theology of that beautifully expressed sentence from Sterne, in which he supposes the tear of the recording angel to blot out the sin of an oath.\* I urged with earnestness the great truth that sin can be blotted out only by the blood of Jesus Christ, and that amiability, benevolence, good deeds, can never atone for transgression, or secure preparation for heaven. That most benevolent and amiable young man, who inquired of Christ what good thing he must do to inherit eternal life, never returned after he

\* A very beautiful Eastern allegory supposes that every man has two angels,—one on his right shoulder, and another on his left. When he does any good thing, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, and waits until midnight. If, before that time, the man bows down his head, and exclaims, Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me; the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on his right shoulder weeps.

160 was told he must forsake his possessions and give them to the poor, and then follow the Master.

Another sentence from Sterne is correct in sentiment, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I have known eminent clergymen to quote it as from the Bible. Sterne was not the author. I recollect to have seen it, many years ago, traced to a French author, but cannot now recall his name or the book which contained the sentence. Who is the author of the pretty conceit in reference to the miracle of water being made wine at the marriage in Cana?

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“The conscious water saw its God and blushed.”

It is said to be contained in a volume of Latin poems and epigrams written by Crashaw in the seventeenth century. But Dryden is supposed to be the author in the line,—

“ *Lympha modesta prospiciens Deum rubuit!* ”

This line is improved in the following:

“ *Erubuit cernens Domini vim conscia lympha.* ”

It has been supposed—by some of the fathers of the Church, I believe—that St. John and Mary Magdalene were the groom and bride at that marriage.

*November 28 th.* —My heart is still, as it has been for some weeks, with few and short exceptions, far from God. I do not recollect to have had, during the last four years, so long a period of desertion. And yet, day by day, my mind is mostly occupied with the consideration of religious subjects, and the 161 utter vanity and emptiness of the world as a portion was never more forcibly impressed as an abiding conviction. “Even to-day is my complaint bitter. O, that I knew where I might find him Him!” Job, xxiii. 2, 3.

*December 15 th.* —Day and night for the last three or four days wrestled in agony with God. My peculiar trials have pressed me most heavily, and I have rebelled in unsubmitiveness. In agony went to the prayer-meeting this afternoon, and was invited to lead in prayer. The Holy Spirit visited me, and in lowliness of prostration I poured out, in subdued tones, the desires of my soul, while rejoicing in the Cross of Christ. O, how the presence of the Holy Spirit subdues all disobedience of the will, banishes discontent, and enables a rebellious worm to be still and say, “I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it”! Psalm xxxix. 9. In all our trials man is but the instrument. The sword is in the hand of God.

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*December 19 th.* —My soul continues sweetly and quietly submissive to all God's dealings with me, while, with childlike confidence, I repose on the promises. Was greatly comforted on last Sabbath afternoon by an exposition from Mr. H. of Psalm xliii. 1, 2. God will “plead my cause” and “deliver me.”

*December 20 th.* —Mr. D. lectured this evening from, “But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.” Psalm iv. 3. He dwelt at large on the trials of God's children; on their necessity, 162 and the assured triumph of the righteous. It was indeed “a word in season to him that is weary.” Isaiah, 1. 4.

*December 22 d.* —In the absence of our pastor, by request, I conducted the prayer-meeting this afternoon. The services were confined to reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer.

Dr. B. has been in Philadelphia for some days, whither he was summoned by the alarming illness of a relative of his family, speedily followed by death, the third time within a few months that the Destroyer has suddenly entered within that family.

No member of my family has died during this year, but more than one of my friends has passed

### BEYOND THE RIVER.

“Time is a river deep and wide; And while along its banks we stray, We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide Sail from our sight away, away. Where are they sped, they who return No more to glad our longing eyes? They've passed from life's contracted bourn To land unseen, unknown, that lies Beyond the river.

“'Tis hid from view; but one may guess How beautiful that realm must be; For gleamings of its loveliness, In visions granted, oft we see. The very clouds that o'er it throw Their veil,

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unraised for mortal sight, With gold and purple tintings glow, Reflected from the glorious light Beyond the river.

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“And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm, Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere; The mourner feels their breath of balm, And soothed sorrow dries the tear. And sometimes list'ning ear may gain Entrancing sound that hither floats; The echo of a distant strain Of harps' and voices' blended notes Beyond the river.

“ *There* are our loved ones in their rest; They've crossed Time's river; now no more They heed the bubbles on its breast, Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore. But *there* pure love can live, can last; They look for us their home to share. When we in turn away have passed What joyful greetings wait us *there* Beyond the river!”

*December 24 th* (Sabbath).—Yesterday morning was very much hurried by necessary occupations, and, by reason of unwatchfulness, lost my calm and submissive peace of mind. In the afternoon and evening disposed to irritability of temper, and withdrew early to my chamber that I might be alone, and in shame humble myself before God. Before I slept, earnestly asked for pardon and sufficient grace. This morning am fully determined to renew the conflict, in dependence on God, who has appointed all my trials in mercy and love. Resolved when I am disposed to irritability to give utterance only to kind and gentle words, and thus repress the evil spirit that so often rises within me. No matter how heavy our burden, it is our duty to bear it with meekness and lowliness, 164 after the example of Jesus Christ. Lord, enable me to watch and pray.

*December 29 th.* —Am daily engaged in earnest endeavors to submit to God “who doeth great things past finding out.” What we see around us “are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him?” Job, xxvi. 14. “Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins.” Revelation alone sheds light on “The great world's altar-stairs That slope through darkness up to God.”

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*December 31 st.* —The close of the year suggests the beautiful Spanish poem by Manrique on the death of his father:

### THE COURSE OF TIME.

“Oh, let the soul its slumber break, Arouse its senses and awake To see how soon Life, with its glories, glides away And the stem footsteps of decay Come stealing on.

“How pleasure, like the passing wind, Blows by, and leaves us naught behind But grief at last; How still our present happiness Seems, to the wayward fancy, less Than what is past.

“And while we eye the rolling tide, Down which our flying minutes glide Away so fast, 165 Let us the present hour employ, And deem each future dream of joy Already past.

“Let no vain hopes deceive the mind; No happier let us hope to find To-morrow than to-day. Our gilded dreams of yore were bright; Like them the present shall delight, Like them decay.

“Our lives like lasting streams must be, That unto one engulfing sea Are doomed to fall, O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne, The sea of death, whose waves roll on And swallow all.

“Alike the river's lordly tide, Alike the humble riv'lets glide To that sad wave; Death levels property and pride, And rich and poor sleep side by side Within the grave.

“Our birth is but the starting-place, Life is the running of the race, And death the goal; There all our steps at last are brought; That path alone, of all unsought, Is found of all.

“Long ere the damps of death can blight, The cheek's pure glow of red and white Hath passed away; Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair; Age came and laid his finger there; And where are they? 15

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“Where is the strength that mocked decay, The step that rose so light and gay, The heart's blithe love? The strength is gone, the step is slow, And joy grows weariness and woe When age comes on.

“Say then how poor and little worth Are all those glittering toys of earth That lure us here! Ye dreams of sleep that death must break; Alas! before it bids us wake Ye disappear.”

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#### CHAPTER XV. 1856.

*May 16, 1856.*—At the Friday-afternoon prayer-meeting led in devotion, when God was pleased to give me longing desires after heaven. Emotion and tears almost made me unable to proceed, while I gave expression to desires for purity and for God's eternal presence. These communications from heaven are indeed what Cyprian styled them,—divine condescensions. My soul longs for clearer knowledge here; but, with humility, I will love and serve God as He has revealed himself, although now, and even eternally, I may continue in comparative ignorance of Being. God is eternally self-existent. How can a creature comprehend Him? In the Christian life, I desire to take *Excelsior* as my motto,—higher and yet higher in holiness.

*May 17 th.* —After I returned from market this morning, paced my chamber and communed with God. O, how my soul longed for heaven! I put myself in the place of the prodigal son, made his confessions, and urged his petitions, until flowing tears compelled me to abstain. Saw the emptiness of earth and the value of eternity with heartfelt gratitude.

God adopts with his children, in all his dealings 168 with them, a style of dispensations which is maintained in all the varying periods of life, and under all vicissitudes. Let Him make me more holy, and I will kiss the rod with which He afflicts me. Stars are seen from the bottom of a deep well which are not seen by those at the top. So affliction, trials, show

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what is unseen in prosperity and ease. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." Psalm xciv. 12.

*May 23 d.* —For some days my soul has quietly reposed on the promises of God. This afternoon led devotion at the prayer-meeting. Heart tender and still dwelling on the dear themes, the Cross of Christ and the holiness of heaven. Could not refrain from tears while, in subdued tones, I poured out my desires to dwell with God; not for the possession of any object this world could give, but only for holiness and heaven. It is very sweet to love and worship God here,—what then is heaven, his eternal habitation!

*May 25 th* (Sabbath).—When seated in Church this morning my soul was filled with sweet peace,—rejoicing in the love of God, longing after holiness and heaven.

*August 2 d.* White Sulphur Springs.—On the 12th of June, went to Cape May, and passed there four weeks. During that time very calm and serious, but without much sensible communion with God.

Came to this place on the 16th of July. Retained, since I have been here, composure and seriousness, without taking much part in the unideal chatter of 169 the company; but have endeavored to avail myself of every opportunity to do good to others by example and conversation; yet am still without that delightful spiritual communion so essential to my happiness. Faith appears to be increasing; yet my joys have not abounded as in many former days, as I have not so often sent up hourly petitions to God. This my sin has caused barrenness.

To-day while pacing my chamber floor dwelt on the rich and free love of God, and his condescension to such a poor sinner, while from a full heart I poured out my petitions,—asking for himself as my only desired portion. Could not continue by reason of flowing tears.

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*August 3 d* (Sabbath).—While seated in Church this morning, before services commenced read several hymns on the mysteries of Providence and the exercise of faith, with tenderness and appropriation. Mr. R., of Richmond, preached on John, vii. 37, “If any man thirst,” etc.,—closing with a description of spiritual thirst. As I arose for the subsequent prayer, saw my brother in the room, when my heart was filled with love to him; and with earnestness I besought God to give him an interest in Jesus Christ. How my soul longs for his salvation!

It has never surprised me that Southey, who had no religious experience, styled that of Bunyan as a burning and feverish enthusiasm. “What I have written,” says Cowper in one of his sweet letters in relation to his own experience, “would appear like enthusiasm to many; for we are apt to give that name to every 15\* 170 warm affection of the mind in others, which we have not experienced in ourselves.” Southey showed himself equally incompetent to appreciate the religious character of Cowper.

*August 9 th.* —After breakfast retired to my chamber, and enjoyed a tender season of communion with God. My soul longed for the fullness of his love, and to join my praises with those of glorified spirits in heaven. He seemed to be the only desirable portion, and salvation by the Cross as the subject in which I glory. Indeed, indeed I could not be made happy by any portion this world could give,—all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them.

Sat last evening in the small parlor adjoining the ball-room, when my attention was arrested by a conversation between a young lady and her friends,—all strangers to me. They endeavored to persuade her to go into the ball-room. She replied that the act would be against her conscience; and still they pressed their solicitations. I sat for a half-hour to see if she would yield. She did not. This morning I saw the gentleman who was most urgent to effect her compliance, and, though a stranger to me, I alluded to the subject, and pressed on him the injurious effect of prevailing on any one to violate the decisions of conscience; and that although he might have believed her attendance not sinful, yet,



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according to the doctrine taught by the Apostle, to her it would have been sin. It is indeed an awful thing to grieve the Spirit of God. "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when He hideth his face, who then can behold Him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only." Job, xxxiv. 29.

*August 11 th.* —The ocean and these mountains, with which for the last two months I have been familiar, proclaim the existence and majesty of God,—recalling the sublime lines of Coleridge:

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who, with living flowers Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at  
your feet? God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations, Answer; and let the ice-plains echo,  
God! And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
God!"

Does not all greatness of intellect increase by the contemplation of the Great Invisible?  
Let history answer while she tells of Socrates, Luther, Newton, Milton. An intense faith  
everywhere beholds, and communes with an infinite Presence, and thus increases  
congeniality to higher natures.

*August 13 th.* —While engaged in morning devotion, had a deep sense of my vileness and  
helplessness before God,—emptied of self while pleading and relying on the all-sufficiency  
of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. With a full heart I confessed my unworthiness, yet pleaded  
that He was my only portion, his service my happiness, communion with Him my ardent  
desire. O, if it be so sweet to love and serve and pray and weep here in the body, what will  
it be to love and praise in heaven!

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Amidst all the gayety and worldliness of the thoughtless crowd by which I am here surrounded, God gives me an anxious desire to do them good, with a gentle, calm, peaceful, often joyful spirit. Indeed, the peace of God passeth understanding.

*August 15 th.* —While looking at the dial to-day, the sun was obscured by a passing cloud, and I was thus reminded of that beautiful illustration, “A man may see the figures on a dial, but cannot tell how the day goes, unless the sun shines. We may read many things in the Bible, but cannot know them savingly until God, by his Spirit, shines upon our souls.”

*August 18 th.* —Does not Milton err when he puts the following language into the mouth of one of his lost spirits, expressing the preference of continued existence, even in despair and pain, rather than annihilation as a cure?

“And that must end us; that must be our cure, To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose, Though full of pain, this intellectual being, These thoughts that wander through eternity?”

I have often thought that, as the sinner under deep conviction without an apprehension of Jesus Christ, sometimes seeks, and oftener, if he dared, would seek in suicide relief from despair, so the lost soul in hell unceasingly wishes for annihilation. The remembrance of secret sin is, in this life, terrible to some, unendurable. The midnight murderer has, by the pressure, been forced to confess what was unknown, and could not otherwise ever be known to man. 173 The more he tries to forget, the deeper is the deed of darkness engraven in his memory. The lost spirit will in vain call on the mountains to fall and annihilate. In this world, and by memory in the next, a man's sins are dreadful scourges. “Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and try backslidings shall reprove thee.” Jer. ii. 19.

*August 20 th.* —Prostrate in the dust under a sense of my unworthiness; confessed my sins before God, while with brokenness of heart I acknowledged He might justly shut me

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up forever in hell; yet pleaded with importunity the merits and death of Jesus Christ. O, what could such a poor sinner do if He had not died!

*August 26 th.* —Have been six weeks at this place. The crowd has been and still is very large. The company in that period has changed more than once by departures and arrivals; but the character is the same,—very intelligent, refined, and quiet; but evidently the larger part of this world, as is manifested by pursuits, amusements, and conversation. Fenelon says, “It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end; and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.” Such is, and has always been, the conduct of men in relation to present and future.

*August 29 th.* Sweet Springs.—Yesterday mind composed and spiritual. In the morning had sweet 174 views of the glory and love of God. A fancy ball was held in the evening by the large and gay company. Sat in the parlor until half-past ten, in religious conversation with Miss T., of Virginia. Then retired to my chamber and communed with God. My soul longed for heaven while I adored God as my Father, with thankfulness that my affections are not placed on earthly objects. Then retired and slept peacefully, undisturbed by the music, dancing, and feasting in the large room under my chamber.

For more than four years have not had the least desire to attend scenes of gayety, and thus experience the truth of the remark of Bunyan, “Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them we shall find a nest of honey within them.”

*September 1 st.* —Yesterday was without public service appropriate to the Sabbath. As the day was too damp to allow me to take solitary rambles in unfrequented paths, remained chiefly in my room. During the day had a conversation with a very interesting young lady, to whom I endeavored to present the nature and happiness of true religion.

After tea sat an hour in the parlor, conversing with no one, but looking with compassion on the thoughtless crowd before me. Then retired to my chamber, and had a sweet season of communion with God, filled with a sense of his goodness, longing for and rejoicing in, the hope of heaven. When I am truly desirous to do good to others and thus glorify God, 175 He repays by manifestations of himself. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Prov. xi. 25.

This morning, while engaged in devotion, had another sweet season of communion with God, wrestling with Him for pardon and sanctification, while my whole soul longed for heaven. O, the sweet peace that fills the soul when the Spirit breathes upon and dwells within it!

My soul sometimes longs for "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem," with its fullness of holiness and love.

"O, happy harbor of God's saints! O, sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrows can be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

"O, mother dear, Jerusalem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?"

*September 7<sup>th</sup>* (Sabbath).—For several days have been without spiritual consolation. Sin justly causes God to withdraw his Spirit from my soul. O, wretched man that I am!

Have passed this day in longing desires after sanctification. After tea sat for two hours in the parlor, in conversation on religious subjects with Mrs. H., of Richmond, a pious and very lovely woman. O, how I delight to dwell on, and direct others to, that dear theme, salvation by the Cross of Jesus Christ, "that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory"! II. Tim. ii. 10.

*September 12 th.* —Day by day passes, and yet without spiritual consolation. “Why art Thou so far from helping me?”

This morning gently reproved an old man for violation of the third commandment. This led to a conversation, and an avowal that he is an infidel and a Universalist. He adduced the trite arguments against future punishment, and with evident self-satisfaction; stated that his mind was habitually undisturbed about the future life. I looked with pity on his head whitened by nearly threescore-and-ten years. Divine power alone can rescue him. Arguments will not reach him, and the present is all he pursues. Even Socrates was anxious to inculcate the principle, that we shall live hereafter in proportion as we die here; and that we shall die hereafter in proportion as we live here.

*September 14 th* (Sabbath).—Godliness is profitable, etc., is with me a favorite text. It is impossible to convince a man without religious experience that, even in this life, the Christian is the most happy. Barthelemy makes his hero say, “In the beginning of my travel I experienced similar sensations, whenever nature or industry presented objects that were novel to me, or such as delighted or affected me; but these pleasures afterwards disappeared, and I found that we lose, in the experience we acquire, these sources of happiness and enjoyment.” This is a true picture of earthly happiness. But that derived from communion with God increases “in the experience we acquire” even in the present life.

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*September 21 st* (Sabbath).—Five days since I returned to the White Sulphur Springs. Have not, for some past days, had that nearness of access to God without which I cannot be happy. I know corruption will be with me while I continue in this dead body, but I must daily aim after victory. The philosophy of Antisthenes, which sought to correct the appetites and passions, was more sound than that of Diogenes, which aimed wholly to subdue them. The Christian should emulate Demosthenes, who with “a feeble voice, a

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difficult respiration, and an unpleasing mode of utterance" overcame all obstacles, and made his name a synonym of eloquence.

In the evening sat in the parlor with Bishop P., of Louisiana, and had a long and very pleasant conversation on spiritual religion. Christians, without regard to denominational distinctions, are bound together by oneness of hope and faith.

*September 26 th.* —This morning had sweet nearness of access to God in adoration, confession, and praise for his long-sufferance with me; and in thankful admiration of his sovereignty in calling me to accept of salvation by Jesus Christ.

In conversation with an old man, who spoke of his advancing years and approaching death, attempted to direct his attention to the only hope. By silence he declined the conversation, as he has always heretofore done, and I did not feel free to press it.

Passed several hours of the evening alone in my chamber. Before I retired to bed sat for some time engaged in sweet contemplation of that dear theme, 16 178 salvation by the Cross of Jesus Christ. After I placed my head upon the pillow had sweet communion with God, rejoicing in Him as my Father and my only portion. Then slept sweetly and peacefully as a child on the bosom of its mother.

*October 4 th.* —Yesterday returned to Baltimore; thankful for vigorous health, and for preservation from all accidents by travel.

Passed the summer very quietly, and not without social and religious enjoyments. Every day a considerable portion of the time was occupied by reading, thus endeavoring to make it *Nulla dies sine linea*. Have been anxious, by example and conversation, to glorify God, and to direct all classes of persons, as opportunity was presented, to salvation by the Cross of Jesus Christ. Without any particular effort to please others, except by gentleness and kindness, I never received, in a higher degree, the kind and respectful consideration of all with whom I was placed in casual or intimate association.

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*October 5 th* (Communion Sabbath).—The recency of my return somewhat caused the diversion of my attention, during yesterday, from due devotion of my time to preparation for the services of to-day. This morning earnestly sought the presence of the Holy Spirit. While in my seat before going to the table, had a short season of tender and subdued emotion. While seated at the table, when the cloth which covered the elements was removed, was deeply affected by the contemplation of the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ; and when partaking of the cup, had tender 179 and thankful views of his love in dying for such a poor sinner. Was not able to abstain from tears, and had some difficulty in the repression of other evidences of emotion.

“With gentle resignation still He yielded to his Father's will In sad Gethsemane; ‘Behold me here, thine only Son, And, Father, let thy will be done.’”

*October 6 th.* —Took tea with the family of Mr. S. After tea a portion of the family remained at the table, and I engaged in a long and earnest conversation on spiritual religion. If religion be anything it is everything. Regeneration is the giving of the vital principle to the dead seed. “Are there few that be saved?” is a question that sometimes presses on my attention. The soul of man has an instinctive sense of immortality, a vague longing for something better than the evanescent realities of life; yet how few find the true riches.

*October 16 th.* —I desire to be grateful that, by grace, I have made some progress in overcoming my natural irritability of temper, which

“— much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.”

Whenever it begins to arise under provocation, I immediately pause for consideration and silent prayer, and then the danger has passed. It is with the heart as with the mind. As one of the most important results of all metaphysical philosophy is the discipline 180 the mind attains by its pursuit, so it is by trials that the heart of man is disciplined, and educated for heaven. Even Plato taught that the chief object of the pursuits which should constitute a

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wise education, is to awaken, to develop, to purify some faculty of the soul; *intellectually*, to make it sagacious, prompt, comprehensive; *morally*, to enamor it of the true and the just, the beautiful and the good. In the sublime representations of the Supreme Being, in the beauty of his ethical teachings, and in conceptions of the immortality of man, perhaps Plato approaches nearer to the Gospel than any other heathen writer,—unless we except his master, Socrates.

*October 22 d.* —In conversation with intelligent and educated, but unconverted men, I always find that they will not receive the acknowledged system of God in affairs of nature as applicable to his dealings with spiritual interests. And yet no man has answered the arguments of Butler, by which he proves the analogy of religion, natural and revealed, to the order and constitution of nature. Can an infinitely perfect Being sacrifice one attribute to another,—his justice to his mercy? Sir Matthew Hale, with the stoicism of stern justice, said that when he felt pity for the criminal, he remembered the compassion that was due to the country. Could law otherwise be maintained? Faith and reason are not at war in the renewed soul, as faith receives in humility what is revealed.

Cowper truly writes:

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“Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”

*October 23 d.* —With many tears this morning confessed my sins, and pleaded the death of Jesus Christ as my only hope that such a wretched sinner can ever be pardoned and received, by sanctification of the Spirit, into a holy heaven.

*November 4 th.* —My birthday. I am rapidly approaching the appointed term of manly life. The aim of all should be, *Diu vixit, licet non diu fuit*. A green old age is a blessing, even if



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protracted to that of holy John Eliot, who said he stayed so long behind his friends Cotton and Mather, that they would think he had gone the wrong way.

Whether my remaining years be few or many, my only hope for heaven is in Jesus Christ.

“Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!”

*November 12 th.* —For more than two weeks have been without sweet communion with God. “He hath set darkness in my paths.”

To-day had some tenderness while I earnestly besought God for pardon, faith, submission. “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” Jesus Christ was “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” “It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.” Matt. x. 25.

*November 18 th.* —With earnest cries and flowing 16\* 182 tears asked God for pardon and sanctification. O, how the burden of my sins presses me down in the dust! “Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember Thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.” Psalm xxv. 7.

*November 21 st.* —We can readily discover, in conversation with unregenerate men, —indeed, they sometimes make the avowal,—that they design and expect to become religious when the world begins to lose its attractions, and age has tempered appetites and passions. The entire fallacy of this expectation is nowhere more graphically exposed than in a letter of Frederick Perthes. In reply to a friend, he says, “He who is assaulted by passion as you are, is not old, no matter how many years he may count. It is exceedingly humiliating to find Ourselves overcome by the animal powers; but when they fail, it is not the man who has left sin, but sin which has left the man; and he will find it not easier, but more difficult to rise up to God. In this world war is life, peace is death, and we must battle on to the end to gain the crown.” I thank God, who led me to take Him for my

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portion when hope was fresh and life was young. Matter and spirit, time and eternity, are incommensurable; and yet men take the least important for their portion.

*November 28 th.* —For the last week have been exceedingly unsubmitive under the heavy pressure of my great trial. Consequently and necessarily have had no peaceful communion with God. More submissive 183 to-day; and in the afternoon, while leading in prayer at our social gathering, was subdued to peaceful acquiescence in all that He may be pleased to send,—entreating Him to sanctify all dispensations, yet not to break the bruised reed.

*November 30 th* (Sabbath).—In submission to and peace with God,—exempt from that dreadful disquietude which wastes the body while it consumes the spirit. Resolved to be more watchful and prayerful. *Habitually*, I rejoice in, and submit to, the sovereignty of God; *occasionally*, I fret as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. I thank Him for my many mercies; and for all the trials He may send. “He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” Job, xxiii. 10.

*December 17 th.* —For two weeks past have had but few seasons of communion with God. This morning confessed before Him all my sins, while, humbled in the dust, I pleaded the justifying righteousness of Jesus Christ. My soul was filled with sweet peace as I cast myself on his mercy.

It has been truly said, “In private we must guard our thoughts; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues;” and I can say with Luther, “I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone.” And yet it is ever true that Christian growth is not attained in healthy vigor without the mixture of solitude with society. Entire solitude leads to mysticism and sentiment, as it confines a man to his own meditations. This is equally true in the cultivation of the intellect as of the heart. 184 “Theory without facts is not science, and moralizing without experience is not wisdom.”

*December 31 st.* —Had sweet peace while humbling myself before God for my sinfulness, with confession and thankfulness. The burden of my prayer is for pardon, sanctification, submission, meekness, gentleness.

God is very merciful in that He has spared such a poor sinner through another year. And while I am grateful for his long-sufferance, I desire also to give Him praise for the manifestations of himself. I do not desire wealth, honor, or earthly pleasure, but holiness. Thou art my portion. O, blessed and long-desired day when I shall not hunger nor thirst any more, but be eternally holy and happy in the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the living God!

I believe the guidance of God's people is as real now as when He led Israel in the wilderness, and Joseph like a flock,—covering them by a pillar of cloud, and directing them by a pillar of fire; giving them quails from the sea, and manna from heaven, and water from the rock. The Bible teaches that tribulations attend the way to heaven; and such, in all ages, is the experience of Christians. “Have faith in God.” I do not know what awaits me in the remainder of my pilgrimage; and have very imperfect conceptions of the life to come. Luther finely says, “When I lay sucking at my mother's breasts, I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink, or live. Even so we, on earth, have no idea what the life to come will be.”

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## **CHAPTER XVI. 1857.**

*January 4, 1857* (Communion Sabbath).—Yesterday had several short seasons of peaceful communion with God; also to-day. At Church was calm while occupied with the services, but without emotion. We walk by faith, not by sight.

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*January 5 th.* —My attention was directed last evening to a poor widow with four children—one very sick—in great destitution. Resolved that this day I would make an effort for their relief.

This morning easily collected sufficient funds. In the afternoon asked Miss T. to accompany me on a visit to them. Found them in distressing destitution,—only one bed, with insufficient covering. Purchased bedstead, mattress, blankets, comfort, sheets, etc., with provisions and articles of clothing. Resolved to take care of them through the winter.

Observation has convinced me that the only mode by which to distribute charity with discretion and beneficial results, is to visit the poor and then relieve them; and that street-beggars are generally impostors, to give to whom is the same as “hiring them to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress.” This rewards imposture, and 186 thus almsgiving, while it affords pleasure to him that dispenses it, stimulates vice in the receiver.

*January 6 th.* —Sat alone in the dining-room before dinner was served, and communed sweetly with God. Heart was melted while I contemplated his goodness, and rejoiced in the precious salvation purchased by the Cross of Jesus Christ. My soul longed for heaven, the eternal habitation of the holy.

“Oh! if such moments would but stay, This earth and heaven were one.”

*January 7 th.* —Arose, as I usually do, at six this morning, and before breakfast had earnest longings after heaven. My soul thirsted for God, for the living God.

*February 5 th.* —In the last four weeks have had but few seasons of the presence of the Holy Spirit. During that period have been much occupied by daily attendance as grand-juror for the Criminal Court, and thus have had insight of the vices of the community. The

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vicious and the holy cannot maintain intimate relations on earth. How, then, can they dwell eternally together in heaven?

*February 8 th.* —In argument with unregenerate men I always find they insist on works, and say nothing of faith. The regenerate man understands their indissoluble union. "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God," I. Cor. vii. 19; and faith is commanded as well as works. John Selden says, "'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between 187 faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works."

*February 20 th.* —While dressing this morning, my soul was filled with tenderness of emotion as I longed to join the society of holy angels and spirits of the just before the throne of God.

Before dinner had another season of near access to God, while I adored Him for the act of sovereign love by which He called me to repentance, and could not comprehend why a sinner so vile should have been regarded with divine compassion. Pardon through Jesus Christ and sanctification by the Spirit formed the subjects of my petitions. Wealth, honors, and sensual pleasures lose attractions for him whose soul draws near to God while heaven is in full view. In such seasons I comprehend the point of a remark of Dr. Payson: "I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself,—when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity."

*February 22 d.* —Dr. B. gave an excellent discourse on the unsatisfactory character of happiness from earthly sources, from Eccles. vi. 11, 12. When the fourth stanza of the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm was read,— 188 "How kind are thy compassions, Lord! How slow thine anger moves! But soon He sends his pardoning love To cheer the souls

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He loves,”— my heart was filled with emotions of thankfulness. And again, when singing the third and fourth stanzas of the hymn beginning with “I send the joys of earth away,” my soul was so filled with joyful emotion by the contemplation of the sovereign mercy of God to me, and with the anticipations of heaven, that I could not refrain from tears.

*February 24 th.* —Yesterday Judge L. told me the most interesting anecdote I have ever heard of Daniel Webster. In the vigor of his life, and when at the height of his fame, Judge L. remarked to him that he must be a very happy man. With evident emotion and decided emphasis, Mr. W. replied, “No, sir; no, sir;” and striking his hand forcibly and repeatedly on his breast, he continued, “Man wants something *here*, —something he can lay hold of.” The soul of man instinctively longs for immortality, and for something this earth can never give. “It cannot be that earth is man's abiding-place; that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.”

*March 2 d.* —I rise every morning at six, and find 189 the hours thus redeemed from sleep, or listless inactivity in bed, among the most profitable of the day.

“One hour with Thee, my God, when daylight breaks  
Over a world thy guardian care hath kept;  
When the pleased soul from soothing slumber wakes  
To praise the love that watched me while I slept;  
When with new strength my pulse is beating free,  
My first, best, sweetest thoughts I'll give to Thee.”

The gate of access is always open at the dawn of day, at midnight, at all hours. Acceptable prayer does not require particular times and localities. Memory recalls from my past experience many places which I may name Jehovah-Shammah, “The Lord is there.” Ezek. xlviii. 35.

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*March 13 th.* —While walking the streets this morning was oppressed by a sense of guilt for my unsubmitiveness, for some days, to the dispensations of my lot, on account of my great trial, and sent up earnest and continued petitions for pardon and sufficient grace.

In the afternoon was invited to lead in prayer at our social gathering. My whole soul reposed on and rejoiced in salvation by the Cross of Jesus Christ; and I urged that if we should pass a thousand years in unceasing effort to do something to recommend us, we should then, as now, be obliged to come in poverty and helplessness.

*March 19 th.* —Was enabled with calmness to submit to the will of God. “Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding 17 190 and eternal weight of glory.” II. Cor. iv. 17. How the mind of the Apostle labors to express the thought! It is “glory;” then an “eternal weight of glory;” and then “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” Trials are indeed choice blessings; not in themselves, but as they are the path along which God walks when He comes to bless.

*March 20 th.* —This morning meekly submissive to the will of God in all his allotments. Paced my chamber while I communed with Him, and longed after holiness and heaven. The overflowings of my heart found expression in tears.

In the afternoon, felt something of complacency, while I contemplated the little degree of spiritual experience which the grace of God has bestowed on me. Confessed my sin, and sought forgiveness. Lord, what is man!

*March 23 d.* —The following extract from a letter of Sir Thomas More, on having had a loss by fire, expresses with beautiful simplicity the state of submission I have long endeavored to attain: “He sent us all that we have lost; and since He hath, by such a chance, taken it away again, his pleasure He fulfilled. Let us thank Him heartily as well for adversity as for prosperity. And, peradventure, we have more cause to thank Him for our loss than for our winning; for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves.

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Therefore, I pray you, be of good cheer, and thank God for that He hath given us, and for that which He hath taken from us, and for that He hath left us; which, if it please Him, He can increase 191 when He will; and if it please Him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it.”

*April 2 d.* —During the last ten days have been without tender emotion and sweet communion with Him whom my soul loveth. The presence of God is the happiness of heaven; and without communion with Him there can be no true happiness on earth. Chrysostom says, “Since I knew that heaven was my country, I have esteemed the whole world a place of exile.”

*April 9 th.* —The Holy Spirit has returned to my soul; and to-day communed sweetly with God in prayer, with gentle submission to his holy will.

*April 10 th.* —Still submitting to and rejoicing in God. O, how my soul longs for holiness and heaven, while trusting in the Cross of Jesus Christ! In prayer confessed all my vileness; yet urged the sweet promises of forgiveness, while I looked to the repose of the body in the long night of the grave, and the ascent of the soul to Him who gave it.

*April 14 th.* —In conversation with one of our most eminent men, asked him for the foundation of his hope of heaven. He replied, by repentance, the abandonment of sin, and good works. I told him all that is essential, but that the only true hope is in the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ. He said he believed in that doctrine; but why did he not *at once* refer to Jesus Christ as the only hope? His reply is a very common one. It seems to me that when a man is “taught of God,” he necessarily and immediately looks to Jesus Christ when asked for a reason of his 192 hope of acceptance and forgiveness. “But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law. For they stumbled at that stumbling-stone.” Rom. ix. 31, 32.



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*April 15 th.* —In Mather's "Magnalia," volume second, book fourth, chapter eighth, I find the article, "Gemini—the Life of the Collinses." They were John and his younger brother, Nathaniel,—the first, a very eminent, eloquent, and holy preacher in London; the second, also a very distinguished preacher in Connecticut. Their father, "panting for a purer worship of God, and a more exact church discipline," emigrated from England to America, when his sons were in boyhood, and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was a deacon of a Church. These two sons graduated at Harvard College. John Collins returned to England, settled as a pastor in London, and died there December 3, 1687. Nathaniel became pastor of a Church in Middletown, Connecticut, where he died December 28, 1684, in the forty-third year of his age. Their father had other sons, whose names are not recorded, and I suppose they remained and died in America.

I deem it probable that they were my lineal or collateral ancestors. But the family record in my possession commences with the marriage of my grandfather, John Collins, March 2, 1759. He died November 12, 1768; and my father—born after his death—was his nameson. From early life I have always understood, as an admitted fact, that my ancestors came from England.

As has been the case with by far the largest part of my father's house, the "Gemini" died comparatively young.

*"Cur præmaturam, mortemque queramus acerbam? Mors matura venit cum bona fuit vita."*

*May 5 th.* —Anxiously and prayerfully endeavoring to repress sinful emotions; yet where, O where are the smiles of a loving Father, reconciled to "me a sinner," through Jesus Christ! As I write these lines, the fullness of my heart finds expression in tears.

"O, that I knew the secret place, Where I might find my God!"

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*May 15 th.* —Have had occasional returns of peaceful communion with God. This afternoon, when leading in prayer at the social gathering, had near access to God while, under a sense of great vileness and unworthiness, pleading the all-sufficient sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

*May 22 d.* —To-day a friend began to speak to me of my Christian character, and in commendation of my prayers. I would not allow her to proceed, but told her I felt myself a poor sinner in the sight of God, and indebted to his sovereign love for all I have, all I hope for through Jesus Christ.

*June 6 th.* —Have had, for the last ten days, a very severe attack of dyspepsia,—the only one of the kind 17\* 194 for the last twenty-eight years. Go to Cape May next week.

*June 7 th.* —Indisposition prevented my attendance at Church to-day. Much occupied by the contemplation of the Cross of Jesus Christ. Year by year this becomes to me more precious and lovely.

*June 8 th.* —At breakfast, asked a young lady, who is passing a few days with us, if she could tell what is the most lovely object that ever engaged the contemplation of the mind, and occupied the affections of the heart of man. At her request I answered the question, The Cross of Jesus Christ. God forbid that I should ever be ashamed to acknowledge and glory in *that*.

*June 14 th* (Sabbath). Cape May.—In the absence of the pastor, prayer-meeting was conducted in the Church this morning by one of the elders. Was invited to lead in prayer. My soul was subdued by love, and manifestations of emotion were suppressed by effort, while I poured out penitential confessions, and longing desires after holiness and heaven. Sweet, inexpressibly sweet, is communion with thee, Thou ever-blessed God!

*June 23 d.* —In conversation with a man eighty-four years old, of remarkable vigor and activity for his age, and in reply to his remark, that he expected to live five additional

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years, I asked him, And what then? He said he had never been a very great sinner. I told him if that was his hope after death, he would never enter heaven; and then directed his attention to Jesus Christ, the only foundation of a true hope. One of 195 the most distressing objects is an old man without the grace of God. Nothing but religion, pure and undefiled, imparts beauty to declining life,—growing in grace as the body decays.

*June 28 th* (Sabbath).—Thankful to God that my health is entirely restored.

Attended at the Cold Spring Church,—four miles from this place. Pleased to find it was the day for the Communion service. Had some tenderness of emotion in the commemoration of that great sacrificial death, while I confessed my sins.

*July 5 th* (Sabbath).—Had a long conversation with a man of high position and very large wealth. He said he wished his children to attend Church; and as a reason for his own general absence, he urged objectionable conduct of professing Christians, individually and in ecclesiastical organizations. I urged upon him that professors should be judged by the system, not the system by professors. Was pained by his declaration that his mind was entirely at ease, and that he had no fears for the future. Whence the hope for a man so cultivated, refined, benevolent, and moral, who has passed threescore years? “Have any of the Pharisees, or of the rulers, believed on Him?” Not many wise or rich are called.

*July 29 th*. White Sulphur Springs.—Have been two weeks at this place. Calmly resting on God, with earnest efforts, on appropriate occasions, to turn the attention of those with whom I have social intercourse, to that dear theme, the Cross of Jesus Christ; yet have not had much spiritual emotion. Am learning 196 to depend less on frames and raptures, and more on settled habits of thought and devotion. I suppose this to indicate progress.

*August 1 st*. —How appropriately God appoints trials to produce faith and lowliness! Indeed, “Sweet are the uses of adversity.” I take delight in the history of Joseph; and depend on Him who protected the Jews in their possessions when in attendance at Jerusalem with the return of their three annual festivals. “Neither shall any man desire thy

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land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year.” Exodus, xxxiv. 24. God controls the *desires* as well as the deeds of the enemies of his people. Who can harm us if we be followers of that which is good? My reasoning is thus,—God is my Father; He loves me, and is able to provide for and protect me; I will trust Him.

*August 4 th.* —Before breakfast sat alone in the piazza and thought sweetly of God. My soul was melted by love, and longed for holiness and heaven. O, sweet communion with the blessed God! Why, Lord, O why dost Thou thus condescend to visit me by the Holy Spirit?

*August 11 th.* —This morning humbled myself before God under a deep sense of the sinfulness of my life and the corruption of my nature. My soul was bowed down in lowliness, while with tears I confessed my sins and asked for pardon only through Jesus Christ, and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. I desire freedom from the dominion as well as exemption from the condemnation of sin; and, God helping me, I will 197 never relinquish the conflict until death crowns me with victory.

*August 14 th.* —In my intercourse with the highly-refined and intelligent company here, I sometimes with difficulty maintain Christian sobriety of conduct and conversation. And yet I avail myself of suitable opportunities gently to reprove, and freely to declare the duty, hope, and destiny of man.

*August 16 th (Sabbath).*—In the evening went to the cottage occupied by the Rev. Dr. L. W. G. and his family. Evening prayer before I retired, and I was invited to lead the devotions. My soul was humbled before, yet rejoicing in God; and I arose from my knees in admiration of the condescension of God in thus dwelling in and communing with sinful man.

*August 31 st.* Sweet Springs.—Walked alone in the garden for purposes of meditation and devotion. Was humbled in the lowest dust while I felt and confessed my sins; yet, looking to Jesus, poured out expressions of trust and hope. My soul longed for holiness

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and heaven, and flowing tears compelled me to desist. Weeping inflames my weak eyes, and then I am unable to read. O, there are no tears in heaven,—no infirmities to cause interruption in the service of Him whom my soul loveth!

All this morning my soul has been subdued in tenderness and love. I sometimes long to go home, and dwell forever with the great I AM. “Man is but an insect in the immense ocean; but the insect which obtains a glimpse of infinity, partakes of that greatness which overwhelms it.” A word over the gate 198 of the temple at Delphi signifies Thou Art. Thus heathen philosophers confessed the nothingness of man in contrast with Him whose existence is incomprehensible, and from everlasting to everlasting.

“Tell them I Am, Jehovah cried; All nature, without voice or sound, replied, O Lord, Thou Art, ”

Among Platonists, the archetype of the world is the world as it existed in the idea of God, before the creation.

*September 2 d.* —Thankful that I am increasingly submissive to the will of God; and *that* implies increase of faith. Submission is too exclusively viewed in its stoical aspect, —the endurance of the inevitable. But Christian submission is far more than this: it is positive happiness, while the soul reposes on and rejoices in God. O, it is sweet to bear the chastisement, and with filial confidence and affection to say, My Father!

In sanctification, as in conversion, there is “diversity of operations” by which the Holy Spirit conducts the work. “The people of God like stars shine most brilliantly in the night; like gold are brighter for the furnace; like incense become fragrant from burning; like the camomile plant grow the fastest when trampled on.”

*September 4 th.* —Often, while beholding the beautiful scenery around me, I rejoice in existence; and my mind attempts in vain to unveil the glories of another state of existence. The system of skepticism adopted by Hume is very cheerless, viz.: That successive

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perceptions 199 constitute the mind; that men have no souls; that human identity is an imagination; that a substance, a man, a soul is an invention. A remedy for this cold infidelity is frequent "meditation on death, which gives a grand and mellow tint to habits of thought, as a great ocean exposed to the rising sun borrows, from its edge to the farthest bound of waters, a celestial glow of light."

*September 18 th.* —Sat on the porch yesterday at sunset, and had a long conversation on spiritual religion with Mrs. L., of Savannah. She seemed to be deeply interested; and to-day told me how much she was affected and profited.

This evening in the parlor had a similar conversation with Mrs. P. I desire to be at all times watchful for opportunities to glorify God. "The obligation of man to do his duty invariably, is not an obligation towards others, but towards himself."

*September 19 th.* —The weather continues to be very hot, and I await a favorable change before I leave this beautiful region of mountains. Have passed a very pleasant summer, and, I trust, not unprofitably to myself and others. I am fond of society, but my social intercourse has become chastened and subdued. Sterne, in a sermon, beautifully says, "Wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, to whom! can remark how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!"

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*October 3 d.* —Returned a few days since to Baltimore in fine health; for which, as well as for preservation during my summer travel, I desire to be grateful.

*October 4 th* (Communion Sabbath).—Through the morning my heart was tender, and deeply impressed by a sense of the goodness of God in giving me an interest in Jesus Christ, with views of the emptiness of all earthly happiness. This frame continued until the commencement of the Communion service, when I was without tenderness, and with

wandering thoughts. When receiving the cup, was again enabled to rejoice in salvation by the Cross.

*October 13 th.* —This morning had a sweet season of communion with God, while humbled under a deep sense of my unworthiness before Him. Could not sufficiently express my views of his mercy in calling me to repentance, and of his loving-kindnesses manifested through all the way by which, for some past years, He has led me. He has not broken the bruised reed. The will of God be done; I kiss the rod.

Have not often had such a degree of sweet reliance on the promises of God, and on his power to take care of me by provision and defense,—the confident reliance of a child on a Father. How calmly sweet are such seasons of trust in God!

“Whate'er God does is fitly done; Of this I have assurance. True, He may make my pathway one Of trial and endurance; Still I shall share His loving care, His circling arms enfold me, And when I die will hold me.”

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I have often been impressed, in reading the Bible, by the calm dignity with which Prophets stood in the presence of, and conversed with, kings. The consciousness of their mission placed them far above the fear of man. Thus the servant becomes like Him who, in the calmness of infinite majesty, sits on the throne of the Universe. I long to attain that state of calm submission which will cause me, at all times, to feel, and to manifest, by word and conduct, the most entire submission to the will of God. This will be perfect only in heaven. My constant and earnest endeavor is to “have faith in God.”

*October 16 th.* —I am often annoyed by associations which recall what I had seen or heard in early life. Sir Matthew Hale advises the avoidance of evil society, which corrupts, or at least hazards, reputation, and adds, “If it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourse that will be troublesome to you in aftertime, and the returns of the

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remembrance of the passages of this nature you have long since heard, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed." I long to be pure in heart.

*November 4 th.* —My birthday, and the completion of threescore years. During the last hundred years no member of my father's house has lived threescore and ten,—“the days of our years.” With tears confessed all my sins, while I asked for pardon and sanctification. With faith I cast myself on God for life, and in death the common goal.

“All heads must come To the cold tomb.” 18

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I have never believed, and observation confirms the opinion, that the “natural man” becomes better by growing old. The impetuosity of appetite and passion, with the follies of youth, has passed away; but in old age other follies and vices substitute those of youth. With the “renewed man” old age is more beautiful than youth,—the calm and beautiful evening in contrast with the scorching midday sun.

*November 7 th.* —Knelt before God in the lowest abasement and confessed my sins, while with tears I asked for pardon. Have seldom had a deeper view of my vileness and unworthiness; yet looked to the Cross, and there rested all my hopes. O, how entirely my soul reposed, in faith and love, on the promises and faithfulness of my Father! I longed for heaven, where I will love, serve, and glorify God without infirmity or sin.

*November 13 th.* —Was called on to lead devotion at our prayer-meeting this afternoon. Made the preceding hymn—an invocation to the Holy Spirit—the burden of the prayer. Never felt more earnestness in Supplication, and was affected to tears while pleading for sanctification, and rejoicing in the Cross of Christ,—the Jehovah manifested in the Old Testament. O, why should I ever sin and grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause Him to depart from me! It is an awful thing to continue in sin, and cause God to say, as He said of Israel in answer to the petition of Moses, “Now therefore let me alone.” Ex. xxxii, 10.



*December 5 th.* —I have long entertained the opinion that every man is in this life placed at one time or 203 another under circumstances which develop his true character, until then unsuspected by the world, perhaps unknown to himself. Thus David was brought to know his sensuality, and Peter his self-confidence. And so with wicked men. The indignant Hazeel says to the Prophet: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And Elisha answered, The Lord hath shewed me that thou shalt be king over Syria." II. Kings, viii. 13. He slew his master, became king, and did all the Prophet had foretold of him.

Luther has said, that the human mind is like a drunken peasant on horseback,—it leans always to one side. If it is not to the right, it is to the left; if it is not to the left, it is to the right.

*December 12 th.* —I do not know a more convincing proof of the strength of corruption in the human heart, than the fact that the Christian who has enjoyed peaceful communion with God, and who has felt the heavy load of guilt, should yet again and again grieve the Holy Spirit.

*December 14 th.* —Mourning my sins before God. O, dreadful corruption of the heart of man! And when shall I attain uncomplaining submission to the will of God? In heaven, if not on earth.

"As falls on me or storm or sun, Thy will, O God! not mine, be done."

*December 18 th.* —" My soul followeth hard after Thee." Had yesterday a short season of deep humiliation, and joyful communion with God, confessing sin, yet rejoicing in pardon through Jesus Christ.

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Passed this day in sweet and peaceful communion with God. O, how sweet to walk humbly before Him, while the soul, filled with the Holy Spirit, longs for holiness and

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heaven! "I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches."  
Psalm lxiii. 6.

*December 20 th* (Sabbath).—Yesterday Was irritable and unsubmitive, but to-day calmly, joyfully resting in God. "Great peace have they which love thy law."

In the evening sat in the parlor, and held a long and very earnest conversation with my dear brother on the great question, "How should a man be just with God?" Job, ix. 2. I advanced the Pauline doctrines in all their extent, and maintained that a sinner must be saved just as God has declared,—by the death of Jesus Christ; that virtue is not holiness; that without a new heart the most virtuous could not be happy in heaven, even if it were possible they could enter there. I listened with delight to his manifestation of fine genius and true nobility of nature, as he avowed, in eloquent and earnest speech, his unwavering belief in the character of God. O, that he would come, like a little child, to the Cross of Jesus Christ! I pray daily for his conversion. "O, that Ishmael might live before Thee!" Gen. xvii. 18.

*December 27 th* (Sabbath).—Resting for some days, with childlike affection, in the arms of my loving Father.

While singing in Church to-day the lines,— "And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold again," 205 was deeply affected by the recollection of my wanderings in former years, and by the contemplation of the goodness of God in bringing me back to his fold. No days are so sweet to me as the days in which I love and worship God with meek humility.

*December 28 th*. —Passed this morning in collecting funds for the relief of the poor widow and children for whom, by the kindness of benevolent friends, I made provision during the year. Had no difficulty in obtaining a sum sufficient for 1858. I do not conceal that I am only the almoner, not the giver. I disclaim all merit. That is alone found in Jesus Christ. Yet God has ordained that deeds of kindness to the poor have their reward. I desire to

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be like-minded with Jesus Christ. There is far more happiness in this likeness than in the emotions Dr. Johnson had, when, visiting Westminster Abbey with Goldsmith, and standing in Poets' Corner, he exclaimed,— “ *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebituristis.* ”

*December 31 st.* —This last day of another year suggests the exclamation of the Roman poet,— “ *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.* ”

Time passes swiftly. Changes daily occur. Friends depart. Survivors quickly follow. God is unchangeable. In heaven the only change is “from glory to glory.”

“Our beloved have departed, While we tarry broken-hearted In the dreary, empty house.  
18\* 206 They have ended life's brief story, They have reached the home of glory, Over death victorious.

“Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly; On we travel, daily, nightly, To the rest that they have found. Are we not upon the river, Sailing fast to meet forever On more holy, happy ground?

“On we haste, to home invited, There with friends to be united In a surer bond than here; Meeting soon, and met forever! Glorious Hope! forsake us never, For thy glimmering light is clear.

“Ah! the way is shining clearer As we journey ever nearer To the everlasting home. Comrades! who await our landing; Friends! who round the throne are standing, We salute you, and we come?

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### CHAPTER XVII. 1858.

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*March 27, 1858.*—Have not had, during the last three months, many sweet seasons of communion with God; yet have been most earnestly engaged in a contest with the corruptions of my nature.

*March 31 st.* —Baltimore has partaken, in some degree, of the religious awakening which, for some time past, has overspread the country. Meetings for prayer are daily held in different sections of the city, and the attendance is large. But thus far the influence is mostly confined to increased attention to religious services. I trust this is but the beginning of a season which will bring in many lost sheep to the fold.

After Lecture this evening, walked several squares with Dr. B., engaged in the discussion of cases of casuistry having application to existing facts. Before we parted I asked him to unite with me, until we met at noon to-morrow at the prayer-meeting, in earnest and unceasing prayer, stated and ejaculatory, for the descent of the Holy Spirit on our congregation. He readily and cheerfully assented.

Before I retired for the night, had a long season of most earnest wrestling with God for this blessing.

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*April 1 st.* —Fast-day with our Church. Arose this morning at five o'clock, and again earnestly wrestled with God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our people. While bathing and dressing, sent up constant petitions for this descent. Had two similar seasons before noon, when I went to the Lecture-Room. For some minutes after taking my seat among the crowded audience, my soul rejoiced in the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit, and I was unable to suppress emotion and tears. Was called on to lead devotion in the concluding prayer, and made the descent of the Holy Ghost the burden of petition. Was never more urgent in wrestling prayer. My own soul was refreshed, and I trust it was so with others.

In the afternoon attended the Union prayer-meeting at the Central Church, and was invited to lead in the concluding prayer. O, how earnestly my whole soul was poured forth in supplication for the descent of the Holy Spirit! This has indeed been a blessed day to my soul. Why does God thus commune with a poor sinner!

In the evening was exhausted by fasting, and private and social duties.

*April 27 th.* —This morning had a renewal of sweet intercourse with the Father of Spirits. Indeed, no happiness approaches that derived from communion with the Holy One. When the Spirit of God dwells in, and communes with, the soul of man, it longs for increase of holiness here, and for heaven after death, and places but little comparative value on all of earth.

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The interest in religious matters continues unabated, indeed increases, and daily meetings for prayer are crowded by devout worshipers. Numerous accessions have been made to various Churches in this city. This “great awakening” extends throughout the country. “Let the whole earth be filled with his glory.”

*May 1 st.* —I desire the sanctification which Archbishop Usher describes: “I must tell you we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. This is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ. And, O, how many who profess Christianity are unacquainted, experimentally, with this work upon their souls!”

*May 4 th.* —Miss R.W., a very interesting young lady, and a member of the Episcopal Church, called this afternoon on a visit to the family. I was alone in the parlor, engaged with reading, and the conversation soon embraced the revival now in progress in this city. Some inquiries by her led to remarks on the new birth, the influences of the Spirit,

sanctification, and final perseverance. She seemed most deeply interested by the conversation, which continued nearly an hour, imprudently on my part, as I have been for some weeks afflicted by sore-throat.

It always is pleasant to me, on the presentation of suitable opportunities, to direct the attention of young Christians to the character of true religion. God has not called me professionally to preach the Gospel, but I have long felt that I will have to give a strict account of the manner in which, by conversation and example, I proclaim to those with whom I associate the only true foundation of hope for a sinner.

*June 30 th.* Philadelphia.—Have not been in good health since the 1st of April. I was very hoarse the morning of the succeeding day, in connection with mental and physical exhaustion. Never having had such affection, except from ordinary catarrh, I supposed the disease of the throat would, by rest and caution, soon disappear. Such was not the result, and it has continued for three months.

*July 12 th.* Warrenton Springs, Virginia.—Came to this place last week. The changeable temperature of the mountains, the difference between that of day and night, and morning fogs, make it imprudent for me to visit the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County.

For some days my soul has sweetly rested in quiet submission to the will of God. A few years since my eyes sustained injury by often-repeated weeping during seasons of private devotion, and many months passed before a cure was effected. *Now*, from a similar cause, my throat is diseased. In heaven no physical infirmities will interfere with adoration and praise. O, sweet rest! O, glorious heaven! And Thou—source and centre of all love—Thou blessed God!

*July 20 th.* —After breakfast this morning alone in the parlor, and sweetly thought of, and communed with, God.

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"My God! is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to thy feet,— The hour of prayer?"

"Blest is the tranquil hour of morn, And blest that hour of solemn eve, When, on the wings of prayer upborne, The world I leave.

"Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore, No privilege so dear shall be, As thus my inmost soul to pour In prayer to Thee."

*August 31 st.* —There have been few portions of my Christian life when, week after week, my soul has so trustingly reposed on the promises, with calm and peaceful submission to the will of God, and such deep conviction that, by comparison, all of earth is vanity, as during the weeks I have passed here. I *ardently* desire nothing but more of the grace of God, more love for Him, more communion with Him, more transformation by the renewing of my mind, more entire devotion of all my faculties to the advancement of his glory. Year after year I depend less and less on frames, and aim more and more after habits.

I know that while I continue in the body I will not be freed from corruption, and the small measure in which I "have tasted of the heavenly gift, and been made partaker of the Holy Ghost," causes me sometimes to long for the hour when God, by Jesus Christ, through sanctification of the Spirit, will take me home to heaven, where I will see more of his glory than 212 mortal eye could see and live. I glory in the Cross of Christ here; I will glory in it forever.

*September 4 th.* —The most interesting person I have seen here is Mrs. S., from Washington, who sits opposite to me at table; whose face giving expression to patient endurance of long years of infirmity, yet with a placid smile; whose fingers and wrists contracted by rheumatism; whose manner, from necessity, of taking her cup with two hands, thus raising it to her lips, all so forcibly remind me of my sweet, darling mother! It gives me so much pleasure to break a roll in the middle and hand it to her, so that she

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can eat it, not being able to break it herself; to place articles on her plate; to put sugar and cream in her tea; to cut chicken and meat in small pieces, so that she can take them up with her fork, and all the time thinking of my dear, sainted mother! Twenty-six years have passed since God, as I confidingly hope, took her to himself, and she has not been lost to memory and affection.

*September 15 th.* Warrenton.—Paced my chamber floor this morning, and with tears humbled myself before God in confession of sin, yet rejoicing in the hope of pardon through Jesus Christ.

“Trembling before thine awful throne, In dust, O Lord, my sins I own; Justice and mercy for my life Contend; O smile and end the strife.

“A Saviour smiled, and o'er my soul New tides of hope tumultuous roll; His voice proclaimed my pardon found, Seraphic transports wing the sound.

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“Earth hath a joy unknown in heaven, The new-born peace of sins forgiven; Tears of such deep, intense delight, Ye angels, never dimmed *your* sight.

“Ye saw of old on chaos rise The new-born pillars of the skies; Ye know where morn exulting springs, And evening folds her drooping wings.

“Loud is your song, and all the plain Is wakened by the choral strain, While distant echoes floating far Bear music from each chiming star.

“But I, too, mid your choirs will shine, And all *your* knowledge will be mine; Ye on your harps will lean to hear One *secret* chord which *mine* will bear.”

*September 16 th.* —I know the contest with corruption will never end. But does not a man receive aid from opposition? Does he make progress in a dead calm? Why, then, should I fold my arms, and give expression to lamentations for the opposition I find within



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and around me? By no other mode can there be a development of Christian manhood. If “Christian” had quailed before the storm, and reposed in sunshine, and green meadows by the wayside, he would never have entered the “Celestial City.”

*September 19 th* (Sabbath).—Yesterday returned to Baltimore. General health excellent, and the affection of the throat much improved, with reasonable prospect of cure in a few months. 19

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In Church this morning was impressed by a sense of the goodness of God to me, as manifested by his numerous temporal and spiritual mercies. When the congregation was singing Hymn 172, particularly the last two stanzas, I was so impressed by the contemplation of the mission and love of Jesus Christ, that I could not refrain from tears, and with difficulty suppressed more perceptible signs of emotion.

*September 29 th.* —The observation of every passing day adds to my conviction that advance of years, or other change of circumstances, do not, without a renewal of heart, wean men from the idolatrous “love of the world, and the things in the world.” At different periods, and under different circumstances, one object is substituted by another; “they have changed the idol, but they have preserved the idolatry.”

*October 19 th.* —Elizabeth died at Princess Anne, the 17th instant, in the thirty-third year of her age. It has been nearly seven years since the disease—a maternal inheritance—which caused her death gave its first manifestation. She passed the summer in Somerset County; was prostrated in July; and when we returned to Baltimore in September, she was not in a condition to bear removal.

For many years I have offered daily prayer for her; and am thankful for the hope I entertain that she sleeps in Jesus. I have not yet heard of the state of mind in her last hours, except that “her end was peaceful and serene.”

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*October 25 th.* —The aphorism, “Man's extremity is God's opportunity,” is—in truth, all maxims are—deduced 215 from observation. And it was from this source Horace derived his direction, “ *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.* ”

In my experience I have found the divine interposition to be at the eleventh hour, when longer delay was death. It is thus the Christian is taught to “have faith in God,” with submission to his will. It is no easy lesson to learn to “rest in God,” with childlike confidence, and allow Him to accomplish his own purposes in his own manner and time; to receive reproach and condemnation with silent and patient endurance, when it would not be difficult, but would be inexpedient, to offer a complete vindication. The Christian requires discipline; and the necessity will never cease, as it is only thus he can be taught to “let patience have her perfect work.” James, i. 4.

*December 31 st.* —Another year is just about to close, and I have reached another period which marks the threescore-and-ten of man. I have entered on the last decade of that term of humanity. God alone knows whether I will live to the end.

“Time speeds away, away, away; No eagle through the skies of day, No wind along the hills, can flee So swiftly or so smooth as he. Like fiery steed, from stage to stage He bears us on—from youth to age; Then plunges in the fearful sea Of fathomless eternity.”

The vision of immortality sometimes, even here, is 216 revealed with a radiance almost incomprehensible; but *then* there will be a perfect realization of the beauty, glory, and majesty of the Celestial City.

“O civitas sancta, civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro. Desidero enim videre te et requiescere in te, sed non sinor, came retentus.”

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### CHAPTER XVIII. 1859–1860.

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*February 27, 1859 (Sabbath).*—The condition of the affection of my throat, and susceptibility to the influence of changes of temperature, have kept me from attendance at Church this winter. Recovery has been delayed beyond expectation; but I desire to have entire submission to the will of God. I have attained an age beyond what, with one exception, has been reached by any member of my father's house for the last hundred years. I know the decade on which I have now entered is a critical period in the life of man. Whether I will recover my health I do not know. Let God do just as pleases Him. I am engaged in a most earnest warfare with the corruptions of my nature; and, *Deo adjuvante*, I will fight on to the end.

I have learned two lessons to an extent never before attained by me. One is to “have faith in God;” the other is to view the sins of men in the light of, “He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone.” O, if men did but know me as God knows me, they would not think of me as they now do! God be merciful to me a sinner.

*April 1 st.* —This day completes one year since I 19\* 218 contracted the disease of my throat which has been the cause of many privations. Although my general health has been fair, yet valetudinary habits have been absolutely necessary to avoid increase of the local affection, and also to allow time to effect a cure. Such affections are of very uncertain duration. I aim after increase of submission to the will of God; and am not without hope that, during this year of trial, I have, by the grace of God, made some progress in self-knowledge, and in the knowledge which leads to eternal life. A review of past times has shown me the exceeding sinfulness of my life; but, poor sinner that I am, I cast myself in the dust, and humbly pray God, by Jesus Christ, through sanctification of the Spirit, to prepare me for that happy home where sin and infirmity will be known no more forever. O, that “fullness of joy,” and those “pleasures for evermore,” which exist in the presence and at the right hand of God! As I approach the close of life, I see more and more the emptiness of all earthly pleasures and possessions; more and more that God is the only portion for the immortal soul.

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*December 9 th.* —Attended prayer-meeting this afternoon. Dr. Backus lectured on the duty of submission to all the dispensations of Providence; and forcibly urged that, no matter how severe our trials, the consideration that God reigns should enable us to bear them with meek submission, as we have the assurance that *all things* work together for the good of those who love Him. It was to me a “word in season” under the grievous pressure of great trial.

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*December 12 th.* —Yesterday and to-day more submissive, and earnestly asked God to give me grace sufficient for all emergencies, and deliverance when it may please Him. This morning opened the Bible at Psalm cxl., and read it with comfort. I desire to “follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness” (I. Tim. vi. II), and to commit myself “to Him who judgeth righteously.”

*December 17 th.* —It is my aim always to be mindful that *Non nobis solum nati sumus*: to serve God and do good to men. I know I must render an account for the use of any talents intrusted to me, whether ten, or five, or one. *Quid habes quod non accepisti?* is a consideration which should stimulate to constant effort.

*December 31 st.* —The last day of another year. With Horace I say, *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni.*

It has been to me a year of trials and comforts, of dangers and deliverances. During the last ten years I have endeavored, under grievous pressure, to attain, increasingly, trust in God, with submission to his holy will. The discipline has been severe; any sanctification resulting therefrom has been entirely by the grace of Him who is the source of all blessings. I bow and kiss the rod, reposing on the declaration, “Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” II. Cor. iv. 17.

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As to myself and those associated with me, it will not be long before

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“—Ibimus, ibimus Supremum carpere iter.”

Let God educate me for heaven just in that way which seemeth best to his infinite wisdom and love. All my trust is in the Cross of Jesus Christ.

*January 6, 1860.*—At our social gathering this afternoon I was invited to lead in prayer. Earnestly and importunately asked for the descent of the Holy Spirit, that we may be led by Him to submission, love, and holiness; and that He would revive us individually and as a people in church-relationship.

*February 9 th.* —Was occupied two hours this morning in visiting a number of families to whom I was socially indebted. For some days past have had devout emotions, with a deep conviction of the emptiness of the present life, and of the paramount importance of the life which follows this passing scene; and was enabled several times to avail myself of opportunities to give expression to my convictions. Thus we glorify God.

*February 10 th.* —Led in prayer this afternoon, and poured out, in soft and gentle tones, my soul before God for the descent of the Holy Spirit, and in expressions of confidence in the providential care He extends over his children, as real as when “He led his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.” Psalm lxxvii. 20.

O, how my soul sometimes longs to penetrate the mysteries behind the veil which separates the natural from the spiritual! But I must soar on trembling wings, and wait the great teacher, Death.

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“—He who eagerly pursues, Beyond revealed truth, that fleeting shade, Soon overleaps the bounds.”

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He who, without becoming reverence and humility, enters this temple of mystery, may share the fate of him who “Dropped his plummet down the broad Deep Universe, and said, ‘No God,’ Finding no bottom.”

*February 12 th.* —My soul is full of love and peace. In Church was affected almost to tears while singing a hymn. God helping me, I will endeavor to make progress in victory over myself and the world. The pressure of circumstances is very grievous. I will cast my burden on the Lord.

*March 4 th* (Sabbath).—While walking to Church this morning, my heart went out in communion with God. When seated in Church, was affected, even to tears, while engaged in contemplation on the glory and goodness of God. Longed for the return and abidance of the Holy Spirit, and frequently said,— “Return, O Holy Dove, return!” And while wondering why God has imposed, and continues on me, heavy burdens, I was able to say, Thy will be done, while I earnestly asked for sanctification.

“Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; Ev'n though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.”

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*March 7 th.* —This day completes forty-two years since God, as I humbly hope, converted my soul. O, how my soul now dwells on the joys of that day of my espousals, the day of the gladness of my heart!

“When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

“Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they, The Lord hath done great things for them.

“The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.” Psalm cxxvi. 1, 2, 3.

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*April 1 st* (Communion Sabbath).—Heart tender and filled with love during the morning, while walking to Church, and when singing the first hymn. Without tender emotion during the remainder of the service. O, for the constant abidance of the Holy Spirit!

*April 17 th.* —I have often remarked the incorrectness with which some texts of the Scriptures are quoted; also, quotations as from the Bible which it does not contain. A distinguished clergyman, many years since, in conversation with me, said, “‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ as the Bible says.” I requested him to refer to the passage in the Bible. He asked, “Is it not there?” and would not admit its absence until he had consulted a Concordance for every prominent word in the sentence. I then told him the quotation is in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and further, that Sterne took it from a French Dictionary. The only passage in the Bible having any resemblance is Isaiah, xxvii. 8.

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“Owe no man anything but love,” is, “Owe no man anything but to love one another.” Rom. xiii. 8.

“A nation shall be born in a day,” it is, “Shall a nation be born at once?” Isaiah, lxvi. 8.

“Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward,” is, “Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” Job, v. 7.

“The merciful man is merciful to his beast.” “A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.” Job, xii. 10.

“As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend.” “Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.” Prov. xxvii. 17.

“Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.” “I have planted, and Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.” I. Cor. iii. 6.

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“That he who runs may read.” “That he may run that readeth it.” Hab. ii. 2.

Eve was not a help-mate for Adam; but “I will make a help meet (suitable) for him.” Gen. ii. 18.

Absalom was not caught by the *hair* of his head; but his *head* was caught, I suppose, between two prongs of a bough of a tree. See II. Sam. xviii. 9.

“In the midst of life we are in death.” This is not in the Bible; but is taken from the “Burial of the Dead,” in the Book of Common Prayer. I have seen it stated that it is, originally, in a hymn by Luther.

“Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be eaten.” This is in the Catechism of the Episcopal Church.

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The following, often quoted as from the Bible, are not in it:

“That the Spirit would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel.”

“Not to be wise above what is written.”

“Exalted to heaven in point of privilege.”

I have seldom, if ever, heard any one read correctly, “Which is, and which was, and which is to come.” Rev. i. 8; iv. 8; xi. 17. The emphasis is on the words is, was, and come, —denoting present, past, and future. The error is manifested most commonly by not emphasizing the word come. So in Psalm xvii. 15, the common reading is, “I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness,” referring likeness to awake; whereas it refers to satisfied, and is as if written, When I awake, I shall be satisfied with thy likeness.



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*May 2 d.* —One of the most elegant passages in classical literature is the epigrammatic address of the Emperor Hadrian to his soul, as it is found in his life by Spartianus: Animula, vagula, blandula, Hospes, comesque corporis! Quæ nunc abibis in loca, Pallidula, frigida, nudula, Nec, ut soles, dabis joca? Which I thus translate: “My little soul, pleasing, hastening away, guest and associate of the body! now to what regions, palish, cold, bare, will you vanish; and will you jest and be gay, as has been your custom?”

In this translation I do not follow Byron, who makes the adjectives in the fourth line refer to *animula*, 225 whereas they properly refer to *loca*, —regions. Horace speaks of *pallida mors*, and Claudian has *pallida regio*, —the shades below. The regions of the dead are described as pale, cold, naked, or bare. But how can these words be connected with *animula*, in consistency with the endearing epithets applied to it in the first and second lines? I depart from all the translations I have seen by referring the fourth line to *loca*, which means connected places or regions; whereas *locos* denotes single places. Byron incorrectly places the note of interrogation after *loca*, when its proper place is after *joca*. In the fourth line he writes *rigida* instead of *frigida*, and in the last line he has *jocos* for *joca*. The two words have the same meaning; but if a scholar carefully reads the lines, his ear will tell him that *joca* is the correct word.

Byron gives the elegant but skeptical address of Hadrian, with his poetic and free translation, in “Hours of Idleness,” under the title “The Emperor Hadrian's Address to his Soul when Dying.” Anthon, in his Classical Dictionary, under the word “Hadrian,” copies the Latin Ode after Byron. The only book in which I have seen the Latin Ode correctly quoted, is “A New Dictionary of Quotations;” but the translation of Byron is imitated. Andrews, in his Latin-English Lexicon, defines the diminutive adjective *nudulus* naked, bare; and gives, as an example of its application, “*loca nudula*, Hadr. carm. ap. Spart. Hadr. 25;” which means, Naked or bare regions, in the Ode of Hadrian, in Spartianus's Hadrian, line twenty-five. Here is, by an accomplished scholar, a direct reference 20 226

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of *nudula* to *loca*, and, of course, the two other adjectives in the fourth line have the same reference. Byron was not an accurate scholar.

As I write on a classical subject, I remark that the celebrated line of Virgil, which, in sound, imitates the gallop of a horse, is evidently taken from the Annals of Ennius,—a plagiarism, which I incidentally discovered while reading the work of Ennius. Virgil's line is, — “ *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.* ”

Æn., lib. viii. 1. 596.

The lines of Ennius are,— “ *Conséquitur, summam sonitu quatit ungula terram.* ” Ann. Enn., lib. viii. 1. 42.

“ *It eques et plosu cava concutit ungula terram.* ” Ann. Enn., lib. xvii. 1. 12.

The word *plosu* in the last-quoted line is the same as *plausu*, and means a clapping sound, or the noise that arises from the beating or striking together of two bodies.

The phrase “ *Hinc illæ lacrymæ,* ” which has become a proverb, and is used by Horace and Cicero, is taken by them from the “*Andria*,” a comedy by Terence. Virgil was an unscrupulous plagiarist, and the same charge applies, measurably, to other writers of the Augustan age.

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### CHAPTER XIX. 1860–1866.

IN all ages of the world, and among all nations, regard has been had for the memory of the dead, as is manifested by the flowers and foliage amidst which they repose, and by the more enduring record of sepulchral structures.

“Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to spread, A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst, For this in the woods was the violet

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nurst. Though they sigh in vain for what once was ours, They are love's last gift; bring ye flowers, pale flowers.”

So wrote the poetess who has found a resting-place for her own aching heart beneath the sod, covered by the flowers of which she so sweetly sung. Byron is beautifully true to natural feeling when he describes Medora as dying with a bunch of flowers in her hand, as if she had prepared them for use at her burial.

“And those cold flowers her colder hand contain'd, In the last grasp as tenderly were strain'd As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep.”

The countrymen of Klopstock every year strew 228 flowers over the monument which indicates the place where he reposes; and the trees which wave their branches over its top and by its side, are not desecrated by the axe of the woodman.

“There shall the yew her sable branches spread, And mournful cypress rear her fringed head. From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume, And laurel evergreen o'ershade the tomb.”

Simonides shows the same custom prevailed among the ancient Greeks, by the epitaph which he placed on the tomb of Sophocles,—the father of Grecian tragedy:

“Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid. Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine With blushing roses and the clustering vine. So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung, Prove a fit emblem of the lays he sung.”

In Wales, when a young maiden dies, her virgin companions follow her to the grave with flowers in their hands; and, before the “ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” hides all that is mortal from their tearful eyes, they throw these emblems of loveliness and purity on the coffin in which she has been laid.

“Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.”

In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and to place them in the hands of young persons when they are buried. The Persians entombed their two great poets—Sadi and Hafiz—in a valley of unfading green; and, for long years, continued to scatter roses and hang chaplets of flowers over their graves. Burns derived his inspiration from nature; and, true to that inspiration, he makes the Queen of Scots, when wishing for death as a refuge from the oppressions of Elizabeth, exclaim,— “And in the narrow house of death Let Winter round me rave, And the next flowers that deck the Spring Bloom on my peaceful grave.”

The prevalence of the same, or similar customs, in different countries and ages, proves there is a natural association between beautifully waving trees and sweet flowers, and the memory of those who were loved, and who calmly repose in that narrow house, where “Death, the mighty huntsman, earths us all.”

The common feeling is in unison with that of the Persian poet when he wrote,— “I passed the burying-place, and wept sorely To think how many of my friends are in the mansions of the dead; And in an agony of grief I cried out, Where are they? And Echo gave answer and said, Where are they?”

If we saw a person while passing by a grave remove one of these manifestations of affectionate remembrance, we would almost suppose we heard a voice exclaiming,—20\*

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“Oh! do not pluck these flowers, They're sacred to the dead.”

In these hallowed grounds repose the ashes of the dead who in life were loved. The green turf covers them, the flowers of spring and summer breathe their fragrance over them, and thus, *even here*, life triumphs over death. How beautifully true to nature is the exclamation, “Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave

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clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother!" The young die, and it has been said of them, "They are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow." And over the spot where they sleep "The little flow'rets raise their heads, And bloom as sweetly on the grave As if reposing on such beds As nature to her children gave."

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight, for, as they desired to give the softest interpretation to death, they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

But the common principle of action which prompts humanity to plant trees and flowers over and around the graves of those who were loved, and which has its origin in the desire of our nature to perpetuate their presence with us, finds a more enduring form of expression in monumental structures. The Pyramids were intended as sepulchral monuments, and were 231 appropriated to sepulchral uses. The Queen of Caria, in memory of her husband, raised the Mausoleum, which was long classed among the wonders of the world, but of which no remains now exist. Cemeteries are adorned by various structures,—the lofty shaft, the broken column, the more humble slab, indicating the resting-place of the dead, and the affection of the survivors. It was the proud boast of Horace,— "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*"

His works have been read, recited, and quoted in all subsequent ages, and will be in all time, while the Mausolea of Artemisia, Alexander, Augustus, and Hadrian have been overthrown. Shakspeare, by his genius, built his own monument, which, for three centuries, has remained with ever-increasing freshness, and will outlive any structure of brass, or bronze, or granite, or marble that can be erected by the art of man.

Death brings every man to his individuality.

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"The glories of our birth and state Are shadows, not substantial things; There is no armor against fate; Death lays his icy hands on kings. Sceptre and crown Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill; But their strong nerves at last must yield; They tame but one another still. 232 Early or late They stoop to fate, And must give up their murmuring breath When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow; Then boast no more your mighty deeds; Upon death's purple altar now See where the victor victim bleeds. All heads must come To the cold tomb; Only the actions of the just Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

"The prince, who kept the world in awe, The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law, The rich, the poor, the great, the small, Are levell'd; death confounds them all."

It had long been the desire and intention of my brother and myself to rebuild the tombs of our family. Our father, two brothers, and a sister were buried in the cemetery at Saint George, New Castle County, Delaware. Our mother sleeps in the Congressional Cemetery in the District of Columbia. In the year 1860 I visited those places. During the long years which had passed since interment the tombs had been injured by time and accident. We had new tombs prepared in Philadelphia, and erected in the most careful and enduring manner; and thus accomplished what we had so long desired, in perpetuation of the memory of the dead. A brother and a sister were buried in Somerset County, Maryland, on an estate then belonging to a maternal uncle; but the estate has passed from the possession of his family.

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In the summer of 1860 I visited the White Sulphur and Sweet Springs of Virginia; and had, in a degree, a renewal of the spiritual enjoyments of former years, which, in connection

with those places, have left ineffaceable traces in memory. On my return I tarried a few days at a place associated with the most sinful, and, in memory, the most painful portion of my life. A specification of those sins would not profit man. They are recorded in the book which will be opened when the dead, small and great, will stand before God, and every work, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, will be brought into judgment. At an early hour of the morning I walked to a particular locality; and, pacing up and down, with a broken heart and flowing tears renewedly confessed my sins, and asked for pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ. Long, long years before I had made these confessions, and asked for this pardon which God had manifested to me by the communion of his Spirit; but *now*, as if the deeds had been of yesterday, they were arrayed before me, and I was humbled in the dust. And then God sent his Holy Spirit and filled my soul, and presented before me the Cross of Jesus Christ, and I longed for heaven, where sin will defile the soul no more forever. Twoscore years have passed since then; but "I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul." Isa. xxxviii. 15. And when I am disposed to dwell with severe condemnation on the transgressions of man, I recollect, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

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The most deplorable condition of the country has made it impossible for me to visit the Virginia Springs since 1860. God has chastised us for our national sins: "For behold the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." Isa. xxvi. 21. He will accomplish his own sovereign purposes in his own mode and time. While endeavoring to attain calm and uncomplaining submission to his holy will, my daily prayer has been that He will restore us to peace, unity, and brotherhood. But it is his privilege to choose his own time when He wilt bestow his blessings; for his ways are dark and intricate.

"And is there care in heaven? and is there love In heavenly spirits to the creatures base? There is."

I have passed the last six summers in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, at Bedford and Cresson, where it was my desire and earnest endeavor to lead those with whom I associated to the consideration of interests which lie beyond these transitory scenes. In those years I did not have so many renewals of the sweet seasons when the soul communes with God. But I have attained a more calm and reliant submission to his holy will. I am oppressed by trials and difficulties in one matter, as I have been for long past years, which I neither can remove nor control. But I am enabled to live more by faith, leaving God to be his own Interpreter, and to give me deliverance when and how it may please Him. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." I wish to be thankful for any discipline by which God may see best to educate me for heaven. A review of the sins of my life often lies heavy on my soul; and as I write these lines I confess them before God with a broken heart and flowing tears. And here I paused and paced the floor and communed with God, —confessing all my vileness, and presenting no plea for pardon and acceptance other than the great fact that Jesus Christ has died; and acknowledging that heaven would be no heaven to me, if not purchased by his death. If it were possible I would not purchase heaven by my own deeds. Is not progress in Christian life evidenced by increased and increasing faith and submission? The raptures of devotion belong to the earlier periods. But the calm trust, the strengthened faith, the more steady view of the Cross attend on maturer life. And then, at no very distant period, faith will be swallowed up in vision and hope in fruition. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Make haste, my Beloved, and be Thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

THE END.